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OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts,—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

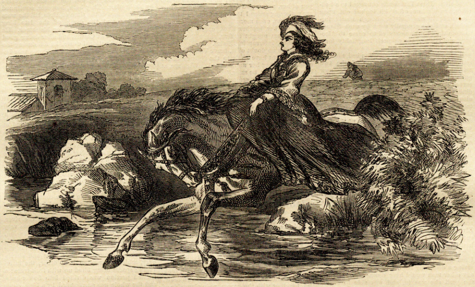
"He that labors and thrives, spins gold."

For well nigh two years, Portugal had been in a condition bordering on anarchy. Upon the death (October 22d, 1383) of King Fernando, whose only daughter, Beatriz, was married to Juan I. of Castile, the reins of government were assumed by the widowed Queen, Leonor Telles, whilst the Castilian monarch forthwith laid claim to the crown in right of his consort, a claim which Leonor supported in behalf of her daughter, though contrary to treaty stipulations; for, by the marriage contract, Portugal was to be governed by a regent until the eldest son of Beatriz should have attained his majority, when he was to ascend the throne as successor to Fernando; but as yet the marriage had not been blessed with issue. Leonor, who had rendered herself exceedingly obnoxious to the people, for reasons which it is needless to advert to in this place, was soon compelled to abandon the administration and make her escape, while her place was filled, at the desire of the citizens of Lisbon, by a natural brother of the late king, Dom João, grand-master of Aviz, than whom no better person could have been fixed upon to lead the nation safely out of the perils which surrounded it, as was fully proved by the event.

Castile backed her claims with an army; Lisbon was for a long while beleaguered, and reduced to great stress for want of provisions, but was found impregnable. Some time after the siege had been raised, and when Dom João perceived that circumstances favored his designs, the *côrtes* were convoked to meet at Coimbra, and in April, 1385, he was by them proclaimed king of Portugal. Yet the nation was far from being unanimous: few of the nobility supported the cause of the new sovereign, the majority taking sides with Castile, while others upheld the claims of a third pretender, whom I have not yet mentioned.

This was a namesake of the two other competitors, João, Duke of Viseu, eldest son of Dom Pedro I. and of the unhappy Ignez de Castro of romantic fame; hence he was half brother to the late, as well as to the recently elected king. Having sought refuge, during the former sovereign's reign, at the Castilian court, for motives which it would be irrelevant to specify here, he had been seized and placed in confinement by orders of the king of Castile, immediately upon the arrival of the news of Dom Fernando's demise, as it was foreseen that he would become a troublesome rival if allowed to repair to the neighboring kingdom.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE RUNAWAY.

At the time that our story opens, Dom Juan of Castile—embracing the opportunity offered him of attacking Lisbon during the absence of the king of Portugal, who was intent upon reducing sundry places which still held out against him—was at the head of a powerful army on his march against the capital, whither a large fleet had been ordered to proceed for the purpose of co-operating with the land force; whilst Dom João of Portugal and his chief captain, the constable Nuno Alvares Pereira, fully alive to the necessity of thwarting this aim, which, if effected, would have been fatal to the cause of independence, had just joined their troops with the intention of intercepting the invader on his way. Having thus given a cursory view of the state of the realm, I will now call the reader's attention to other matters.

It was August 11th, 1385. Not far from the coast, in one of the most fertile valleys of Portugal, is located the town of Alcobaça, eighteen leagues north of Lisbon, at the confluence of the rivers Alcôa and Baça, which there empty into an arm of the sea, about six or seven miles from the place. That which is now a flourishing town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, was then only a small village, containing a few scattered houses or cottages, deriving all its importance from the monastery situated in its midst, which belonged to the Cistercian order, or of St. Bernard, and which, having been founded in the middle of the twelfth century, had become the largest and wealthiest in the kingdom, possessing vast tracts of territory, with the lordship of thirteen towns and plenary jurisdiction over them. To the north and south are to be seen hights, the slopes of which are covered with rich soil adapted to vine growing, and, at the time we are speaking of, the summit of the former was crowned with a castle, subject to the control of the abbot and his monks. The plain, which extends westward from the village to the coast, was dotted with the small white dwellings of the peasantry, and clusters of olive trees, with their quaintly wrought boughs and dark or dusty green leaves, helped to relieve the monotony of the scene. Here and there herds of cattle might be seen grazing in the fields which had paid their tribute to the harvest, and in which the stubble was not yet smothered up by the growing weeds, whilst in other parts extensive vineyards invited the eye to rest upon their luxuriant dress of verdure, so refreshing in that sultry season of the year, when all else is scorched and parched by the intense heat of the sun.

West of the monastery and at the extremity of the village, just below the junction of the two rivers, was a stone building, separated from the banks by a road which followed the course of the stream towards the sea. It was some eighty feet long by forty wide, consisting merely of the ground floor, having several large double doors on the road side, which were all wide open. Inside were twenty men at work: some were bringing staves into their proper shape, others were setting them up to be made into casks, others again were hammering down the iron hoops which served to bind them fast. A large quantity of staves of different sizes were piled against one side of the walls, and casks of various dimensions—from twenty pipes measurement down to small barrels of a few gallons, some quite new, others which, having already contained wine, had been sent for repairs—were ranged along the remaining space of the walls. This was the work-shop of the cooper, Vasco Peres.

In times of yore, men were wont to be more constant to their father's trade than now-a-days, and any particular calling was frequently continued in the same family for several generations. Such was Vasco's genealogical history: his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had all been coopers—the family tradition went no farther than the last mentioned—but none of them had prospered so well as their descendant. The latter, by dint of industry, combined with great natural intelligence, had amassed sufficient means to warrant him in pulling down the sorry shed left him by his father, and replacing it by the large building I have just attempted to describe, constructing, moreover, a comfortable habitation a few yards from the shop, on a line with it, but nearer the village. His father had bequeathed him a few roods of land; but Vasco now possessed nearly two hundred acres on the fertile slopes in the rear, principally laid out in vines, which yielded him no despicable income. Besides this, his reputation for skill, good faith and promptitude in the execution of orders, had secured to him the custom of the greater part of the neighborhood, and that—which in itself surpassed all the rest many times told—of the monks, whose wine-vaults being very numerous, required any amount of vats and casks, for the yield of their vineyards in that district alone amounted to several thousands of pipes. This prosperous state of the cooper's affairs had been the work of scarcely ten years.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the day had been cloudy and unusually cool for the season. Vasco had just entered the shop, having been absent during the morning on business. He was a young man of about twenty-eight summers, tall and well-proportioned, showing great power of muscle, with dark complexion, black curly hair, and remarkably handsome features, partaking much of a thoughtful expression, but enlivened by black eyes of great brilliancy; his high-arched forehead, singularly clear and open, was an earnest of considerable intellect combined with generous and noble propensities.

"The tidings I bring are none of the best, my lads, so far as business is concerned," said he, as he doffed his doublet and began to roll up his shirt sleeves ere setting to work.

"How now? what is astir? Are we to don the burgonet, and hurl the javelin or wield the battle-axe against the Castilian? An it is this you speak of, I call it good news; what say you, boys?" said a man past the prime of life, and who appeared to be one of the principal workmen.

The rest expressed themselves with the greatest vehemency, as ready and willing to sally forth.

"I am glad to see you all so prompt in this matter, because, when needful for our country's sake, it is not meet that we tarry for the summons. But thou hast not hit upon the thing, Braz Martinz," said Vasco.

"Let us hear it, then," cried several men, pausing in their work for a moment.

"The case is this, my friends: our good king and the valiant constable are at Ourem, and 'tis said they mean to encamp at Porto-de-Moz this very night, while it is no less certain the Castilian has reached Leiria, so that before the world is many days older, there will assuredly be a battle in our vicinity."

"Ah, I see!" said Braz, interrupting his master; "the vineyards will be trodden under foot, this year's vintage lost, and thence no work for the cooper."

"Thou hast guessed aright this time," remarked Vasco.

"And consequently, comrades, our good master will no longer need our services," added a youth, half inquiringly.

"Nay, Gil; nay, friends, think not so poorly of me. Have you not ever dealt by me like faithful, honest men as you are? Is it not mainly through your diligence that I have prospered? And shall I now turn you adrift, because the year promises badly? Surely ye think better of Vasco Peres. So help me Our Lady! but ye shall not want bread while I have any; ye shall share my last morsel. We have"—and he looked around the shop—"a goodly stock on hand; well, what's the odds? the rats will have nothing to find there, and will surely not lose their toil in useless destruction; whilst we will increase the ware against better times. Go on with your work, my lads! until the day comes for us to die or triumph in the cause of our beloved country."

"Heaven's blessing upon you, Vasco Peres!" cried the men in one voice; whereupon many hearty shakes of the hand followed between the master-cooper and his men, among whom there was more than one that could not conceal the tears that came trickling down their rough cheeks, although striving to do so, as if ashamed of their emotion.

"The noble and the high-born that flock around the throne are used to offer up their all to the prince who is in want, when they conceive that the return is to leave them richer than they were," said Braz, with a curling lip expressive of contempt; "but you, Vasco Peres, who are neither high-born nor noble, would give to those from whom you can expect no requital, their work bringing in no profit. Such acts, however, fail not in due season to receive their meed from another quarter. Meanwhile, comrades, let it not be said we met such generosity with a niggard's spirit. Vasco Peres, for the present, we'll accept but half wages; what, say you there?"

"Agreed," was the unanimous reply.

"You have my full thanks, friends," said Vasco, while his heart swelled with emotion; "but, as you would do me a pleasure, not another word touching this matter. I refuse to deduct a single *real* from your wages. In the first place, the evil is not yet come; but should it come, when my purse can no longer bear the charge, then I'll confess it like an honest man, whose cheek knows no blush and can stand the test of his actions. Till then, resume your occupations as if nought had been said."

All obeyed this injunction, each one muttering some pet blessing upon the head of their kind-hearted employer.

The inmates of the workshop were probably not aware that, without, there was one who had overheard all that had been said. This was a monk, who, strolling along the banks of the river, had stopped in front of the building on perceiving the animated gesticulations of those within. He wore the white frock and cape of the Cistercian order, ample in its dimensions, and fitting loosely, without any cord or other sort of fastening around the waist, the sleeves widening as they descended from the articulation of the arm and shoulder, until assuming an enormous width about the wrists. On his head he wore a low-crowned hat with a very broad brim, curled up on each side, but extending to its full size in front and behind. The monk might be betwixt fifty and fifty-five year of age; he was of medium stature and spare in person. The few stray locks that appeared beneath his hat were almost turned white. His profile was of the long shape, of a noble and venerable cast; and notwithstanding his hollow cheeks and the deep furrows that had settled upon them, and would have been better suited to a man of seventy, his physiognomy still bore undeniable traces of former beauty. In his dark sparkling eye, which contrasted singularly with the care-worn appearance of the rest of his person, lurked an expression of intelligence and penetration. As he listened to the words of the coopers, in which such good feeling was displayed on both sides, his eyes became brighter, and a beam of pleasure and admiration lighted up his emaciated features. When the men returned to their several occupations, the monk moved forward as if about to cross the road and enter the workshop, but at that moment the sound of conversation again struck upon his ear and arrested his steps.

"By the by, master," said Braz, "whilst you were away the Lord of Valverde came hither in quest of you, and finding you out, said he would return later."

"Ah! and said he nothing further?" asked Vasco.

"No; but on leaving he looked like one who had rather have found you home," returned Braz, with a sarcastic smile. The good Braz had a peculiar grudge against nobles, which often made him unjust and blind to the good qualities that adorned many of that class.

"Pshaw! we know well what he's after," observed Gil, with a knowing look.

"It may well be, though, that thou art mistaken, my boy," said Vasco, very quietly, standing upon a high bench, while, with the aid of another man, he adjusted an iron hoop to one of the ends of a huge vat, capable of containing some 20 or more pipes of wine.

"Bah! 'tis not the first time he has sought you," persisted Gil; "before he was called away by the war, and while residing in his *quinta* at Valverde, he was wont to visit you often."

"His father was in a way a patron of my father; for he more than once helped him along, when work was scarce. It is not, therefore, surprising that Dom Garcia, the present Lord of Valverde, should show some interest in my concerns," said Vasco, indifferently.

"Ay, ay," continued Gil, with a significant wink to his companions, "for that matter, I dare swear he'd be wroth an your trade flagged; a weasel that gets into a granary had rather find it stocked than empty. * * * * But, as I was about to say, 'tis now three days since Dom Garcia arrived at Alcobaça with his company, and this makes the second time he has paid you a visit. The last time he came, you took him to the house, as I heard; and as he came out again, I, coming from the village, met him, and my ear caught a sound as I passed him, much like the tinkling of metal, which I ween was something brighter and more precious than yonder rusty hoop you are handling;" hereupon the youth seemed amazingly satisfied with himself.

"Thou wert ever sharp and shrewd, Gil, but shrewdness at times overshoots the mark. Suppose I grant that thy hearing was not at fault, is it to be marvelled at that a fidalgo walk about with money upon his person? methinks the reverse were more open to wonder," observed Vasco, in the same quiet tone, while continuing with his work.

"Come, come, master," said Braz Martinz, "'tis no use trying to mystify us. We all know, as well as you, that Dom Garcia de Cabreira is your debtor for certain round pieces as bright and yellow as autumn leaves, but something heavier withal. In a word, you dare not deny that no small sum of doubloons have passed from your coffer into his pouch."

"Well, granting it were so, methinks there would be no harm in it," remarked Vasco, with a look of vexation.

"That is debatable," replied Braz, "and depends upon how the word is understood. If by harm you mean that which you are in conscience bound to reveal to the *padre confessor*, then you are right, and have nought to fear. But if by harm you would imply damage and injury to yourself, I'll take upon me to gainsay your words."

"Out upon thy subtilties, master Braz! Thou hadst better to the doctors at Coimbra; thy scholarship would be at a premium there," cried Vasco, with glowing cheeks.

"Nay, be not angered, good Vasco; no harm is meant," said Braz, rising and leaving off his work. "But I will speak out, having thus found an occasion: beware, Vasco, of your dealings with the Lord of Valverde—I rather mean your loans."

"Belike, thou takest me for a usurer?" exclaimed Peres, now quite irritated.

"Nay, Vasco Peres has nought of the usurer in him. But surely you did not *give* the money, and expect to receive it back some day?"

"And who says that day will not come round, prithee?"

"I say so; all who know the Lord of Valverde say so," continued Braz, getting warm in his turn. "I tell thee, man, these fidalgos are ever thus, and we plebeians just as eager to fill the part of fools. They are like vampires, save in this, that they care not a rush for our blood; nay, they delight in spilling it to see if its color differs not from their own; but they suck our substance from us; by fair or by foul, by hook or by crook, they wring our gold from us as soon as they scent it. When the wind blows foul, the hare may bid defiance to the hound; but we should beware of all winds, nor suffer that our savings leave a trail behind when a needy noble is nigh at hand. When he dare not use compulsion, he scruples not to beg a loan from him he most contemns and barely deigns to cast his eye upon in his prosperity. More fool he who lets himself be gulled; the fidalgo who borrows, thinks his debt repaid by the asking. Is not the low-born lender raised a step higher by the notice taken of him? Is this not ample return, stock and usance? Now credit me, Vasco Peres, thine eye will never again behold the bright glitter of the pieces thou hast let slip from thy grasp; nay, look upon thyself as happy if nothing worse befall thee. The great love not to be beholden to those beneath them."

"Tush, man, thou art passing harsh in thy strictures," said Vasco, who, during this discourse—in which Braz had poured forth the bitterness for which he was noted in respect of the upper cast, though a good-hearted fellow at the bottom,—had regained all his wonted serenity; "all fidalgos are not what thou wouldst make them out. The high and the low have their good and their bad. It is neither the pride of blood nor the extent of estate, I consider, but rather the man; and be his condition what it may, he has my inward respect, if his character can lay a rightful claim to *it*. Regarding Dom Garcia, I am far from thinking him a true pattern for those of his condition; but I cannot forget the little services his father rendered mine when in distress. Besides, he has never failed to promise to refund, when his fortunes mend."

"And he seems to be on the high road to fortune," remarked one of the men; "he is thought to be much in favor with the king, who prizes him as one of his most gallant knights and vassals; and, moreover, 'tis whispered about he has won the heart and secured the hand of the wealthy Dona Elvira Forjaz."

"For the matter of the marriage, 'tis false; I know that Dona Elvira has rejected his suit," said Vasco, in a positive tone.

"May the day never dawn on which the lovely lady of Runa bestow her hand upon such a man as the lord of Valverde," exclaimed one of the workmen.

As soon as the name of Dona Elvira had been pronounced, a change came over the expression of the monk, while he bounded across the road and broke in upon the coopers, who appeared astonished at his sudden entrance, as one with whom they were not acquainted. But at that moment, and ere any one had spoken, the attention of all was arrested by the loud clatter of horse's hoofs, as if some one were advancing at full gallop. The next moment a horse, bearing a lady on its back, swept past the workshop at a furious speed, coming from the direction of the village. This was evidently no idle freak of the rider's: Vasco and his men knew the road and its dangers, and they shuddered.

CHAPTER II.

"He benefits himself that doth good to others."

On seeing the wild pace at which the horse shot by, Vasco and his men rushed out into the road. The animal was already at a considerable distance, galloping on at a desperate rate, while the lady, her long riding habit and her loosened hair streaming in the wind, seemed to keep her seat with surprising ease, the only perceptible effort on her part being that of reining in the now unmanageable steed. Recommending his companions to do nothing that might frighten the latter, Vasco started off, followed by them all, but soon outstript the quickest of them. All who witnessed the scene felt that it was a chance whether any aid could be given to the rider in time to prevent a catastrophe; for whether the horse kept straight on the road, or took to the left into the plain, it might continue in its frantic career for miles, at the risk of throwing the lady; while, should it by any chance turn to the right, both horse and rider would inevitably be plunged into the river.

All of a sudden, the horse, as if startled by something, or perhaps because its rider did not manage the reins properly, took a leap to the right, and Vasco felt a thrill of horror as he beheld the animal plunge headlong into the stream, carrying its gentle burden along with it. But when it reached the middle of the river, the lady, who now uttered cries of distress, fell from the saddle, by accident or maybe of her own accord, and floated for a few seconds, sustained on the water by means of the expanded folds of her dress. Ere half a minute, Vasco saw her sink while struggling for life. The young cooper exerted every sinew; his speed appeared to redouble, and as the lady came again to the surface—now giving but few signs of life and slowly drifting down with the current—Vasco was almost on a line with her, and without a moment's hesitation threw himself into the stream, swimming towards her. But just as he was within some half a dozen yards of her, she disappeared a second time; and Vasco, on reaching the eddy which marked the spot where the lady had sunk, dived beneath the gurgling waters. This was a moment of horrible suspense for those on shore, some of whom had by this time come up to the scene of the catastrophe. Gil, and another man, who were the first to arrive, did not wait to see what the issue might be, but immediately sprung into the river in order to lend their aid if required. They had, however, barely advanced a few feet, when Vasco rose to the surface, a little below the place where he had dived.

"Heaven be praised! he has saved her," cried Gil, striking out with increased energy.

Supporting in one arm the body of the rescued lady, whose drooping head he could with difficulty keep above the water, Vasco slowly propelled himself with the other arm. In a minute or two Gil was by his side, assisting his master to support the body; and after struggling for a little while with the current, which was strong just there, they finally landed in safety, laying their precious freight upon the grass which grew a few feet from the water's edge.

The rest of the coopers were by this time assembled on the strand, and all of them showed much concern at what had happened; several of them, at the request of Vasco, pulled off their doublets and spread them over the dripping clothes of the lady, in order to keep the air from her; and after making her disgorge a quantity of water which she had taken in, Vasco and some of his companions were about to raise her up, when the monk, who had not been able to keep pace with the others, arrived on the spot.

"Does the lady still live?" asked he, forcing a passage through the group, who, on seeing who he was, respectfully made way for him.

"I think she is safe, padre, if you will allow us to take her home without further delay," said Vasco, motioning some of his men to him to lift her.

"And pray, my son, who is this young lady?" asked the monk, bending over, and looking into the pale face that lay before him.

"This is the Senhora Dona Elvira Forjaz——"

"This, Dona Elvira Forjaz!" echoed the monk, pointing down towards her, while a deadly pallor drove from his cheeks the slight flush which had spread over them owing to the rapidity with which he had been walking. "Take her up at once, my sons.—Come, quick! quick! there may be no time to lose," continued he, with nervous agitation, as he proceeded to give a helping hand, trembling all the time like an aspen leaf.

"Nay, padre," said Vasco, gently pushing the monk on one side, "there are plenty of robust arms here to do this work. We'll to the house at once, where the lady shall be well cared for."

Ere these words were pronounced, Dona Elvira was being conveyed at a quick step towards Vasco's habitation, about a quarter of a mile distant. The monk walked beside her, having hold of one of her hands.

"God be praised!" cried he of a sudden, as a momentary beam of joy came over his face, "God be praised, her pulse beats! It is feeble, though, very feeble; onwards, my friends!"

"See, see, the horse! 'tis well the lady kept not so firm a seat as she did on the road: else she had been food for the fishes."

"A fig for the horse! Hold thy prating tongue, Gil, or thou shalt feel the worse for it," said Braz Martinz, raising his fist threateningly against the youthful cooper, after having given a rapid glance at the death struggles of the animal, which was fast settling in the water as it was carried along by the current.

At this moment, a horseman was seen galloping at the top of his speed towards the advancing party, and, on reaching them, he proved to be Dona Elvira's groom. It was now ascertained from him, that the noble lady of Runa, availing herself of the unusual coolness of the morning, had left her residence, which was two miles from Alcobaça, not merely for the purpose of taking a ride, but also to visit one or two poor families in the neighborhood, where sickness prevailed. After performing this charitable act, and on passing by the great square in front of the monastery, she had sent her groom to inquire after the health of the abbot, who had been ailing for some days past; and on issuing from the convent, after doing his errand, some people in the square had informed him that the lady's horse had taken fright and run away with her.

When the coopers and their fair charge were but a short distance from the workshop, a young girl about eighteen or twenty years of age came running up to meet them, followed by a middle aged woman. The former was a brunette with a fresh and charming countenance, which would have been gay and cheerful, but for the look of extreme anxiety it bore. This was Vasco's sister, who alone dwelt in the house with him; for they were orphans of father and mother.

"*Virgem santissma!* for Heaven's sake tell me 'tis no corpse you bring! that the senhora dona Elvira still breathes!" exclaimed she.

"Be calm, Violante; there is no reason for despair, as yet," replied Vasco; "hasten back; get some blankets ready and prepare everything as quickly as possible: we'll bear the lady to the guest's chamber."

"And you, Sir groom," added the monk, "pray hasten to the convent, seek out the brother who has charge of the infirmary, inform him of what has happened and request him to lend such aid and counsel as he thinks the case may call for. Pray be diligent, else your mistress may be the sufferer."

Violante and her companion, a neighbor who had come to offer her assistance, had already obeyed Vasco's injunction, and the groom, without needing the monk's concluding recommendation, also hurried away in quest of medical aid from the convent. A crowd of people, principally women, began to encumber the road, seeking to ascertain the true state of the case, while anxiety was more or less stamped on every face; for Dona Elvira was beloved by all the neighborhood. After pushing on through this throng of chattering women, besprinkled here and there by a specimen of the male sex, those who bore the lady arrived at Vasco's house, and at once took her into it. It consisted only of one floor, raised a few feet above the level of the ground, containing several rooms of a moderate size. Dona Elvira was conveyed to a bedroom, the windows of which looked out upon the road; it was simply, though neatly furnished, and was generally used by such friends as from time to time chanced to come to Alcobaça, and claimed the cooper's hospitality for a few days.

Having placed the lady upon the bed, the men retired, leaving her to the care of the two women. Vasco led the monk, who was now quite calm again, into another apartment, which served the combined purposes of a sitting and dining room. The floor was bare and the furniture scanty, consisting merely of a large oaken table in the centre, and several stools ranged along the walls. The only ornaments were different pieces of armor and a number of weapons of various kinds, some standing in the corners, others hanging from the walls. Requesting the monk to excuse him for a while, Vasco left the room, in order to change his clothes; but returned in a short time.

"Thou art an honest, brave, noble-hearted fellow," cried the monk, taking the cooper's hand in both of his, as the latter entered the room. "As, by chance, I was passing near thy workshop a while ago, I overheard what passed between thee and thy workmen. Thy bosom is rich in generous sentiment, and thy actions, as springing therefrom, must partake of their essence. Thy gallant conduct in rescuing dona Elvira has confirmed the high opinion I already entertained of thy parts; and from this day thou hast in me a warm friend."

"'Tis an honor I highly prize, father; though I am by no means willing to admit that by saving a drowning lady, I have done more than any other man would have done, who had seen the peril she was in, and was able to swim. But, craving your pardon, reverend sir, you seem to take some unusual interest in the lady of Runa, ever since you heard her name. There were evident marks of this in your deportment, which I failed not to notice;" nor did Vasco take much trouble to conceal his curiosty.

"Wherefore should you wonder," replied the monk, "that I evinced a deep concern on seeing a deserving lady in such imminent peril, one whose works of charity and constant benevolence call down upon her head the blessings of the whole community? None but those with a heart of stone fail to show interest and compassion when a fellow-creature stands on the brink of the grave; and God loveth not the heart of stone, as we see by the words he spoke to the house of Israel, through the mouth of the prophet.

Vasco did not seem altogether satisfied with this reply; but durst insist no further. And, after looking steadily for a moment at the calm features of the brother, he merely remarked: "Methought I knew the monks of Alcobaça pretty well by sight, and yet, father, I remember not to have seen you before this day."

"I marvel not, my son, that in so large a congregation as ours one or more of the monks should escape the notice of those without; especially when some of us are wont to make long stays at other houses of our holy order. My name is frei Lopo dos Santos.—But here comes our brother to tell us how it fares with the lady of Runa."

The monk who entered at this moment, was the one that had been sent from the convent with such restoratives as were deemed necessary for the emergency. He had just visited the patient, and now assured frei Lopo and Vasco that Dona Elvira had recovered her senses and was out of danger, insomuch that, his presence being no longer called for, he was about to return to the monastery.

"I will go with you, brother," said frei Lopo; "farewell, friend Vasco. Think you Dona Elvira will return to Alcôa to-day?"

"Seeing her present state, she is not like to leave so soon: most assuredly she will stay here till the morrow," replied Vasco.

"Such being the case, I shall most probably return after ave-marias to see how she fares."

Vasco Peres accompanied the monks to the door, when, after asking for their benediction and kissing the hem of their sleeves, he returned to the workshop.

In about an hour's time, Violante made her appearance there, and summoned her brother to the presence of the lady of Runa, saying that the latter was almost quite recovered and desired to express her thanks to him, before her departure, as she thought of returning home.

Elvira Forjaz, attired in some clothes which Violante had taken from her own wardrobe, and which, though neat and tidy, were of a texture coarser and more homely than any the lady had ever worn, was seated in a large chair, with her head reclining back, as if she were still exhausted from the effects of the severe shock her frame had recently sustained. She could not be more than twenty, and was endowed with matchless beauty, every feature being most delicately chiselled, and the whole cast of her countenance perfectly exquisite. Her eyes were black, as likewise her rich, glossy hair; while her complexion was very fair, and the pallor that now sat upon her cheeks gave her a peculiar loveliness of expression. Somewhat above the medium height, the graces themselves seemed to direct all her movements.

"Oh, my good friend and rescuer! what requital would be equal to the service for which I am indebted to you, seeing that you have in truth given me back that which we all value the most—life? None could express the fullness of my gratitude, nor indeed can I find the words wherewith to convey all I feel," said Elvira, with an expression of heart-felt thankfulness, while extending her small, soft hand to Vasco Peres as he entered the chamber, who, bending down, gently pressed it to his lips.

"Lady," replied Vasco, coloring slightly, "the service which your misfortune called for, and my good fortune put me in the way of performing, is now amply repaid, in finding you so quickly recovered from the accident that befell you just now. I would fain have you consider this humble house as your own, and trust you will honor it with your presence, at least, for this night. Craving your pardon, lady, I think that prudence counsels this course."

"Indeed, my lady, you are not in a state to venture out as yet," added Violante.

"Nay, my good friends; I shall soon be quite well again. Thanks for your kind offer; but I must return at once to the *quinta*. To-morrow I leave for Runa, and nothing is yet prepared to carry out this sudden resolve of mine."

"I think your removal to Runa is a happy idea, gracious lady," said Vasco; "for this neighborhood bids fair to become dangerous ere long."

"It was only this morning I heard of the direction the royal forces are taking, and as this weak arm can be of no service to our worthy king, I thought it best to remove to safer quarters. But I have a request to make—it sounds ungracious to ask a favor of one who has but now rendered me so great a service; and yet there is some one, whom you love, that would not be likely to lose thereby."

"Lady, your slightest wishes are commands for me," replied Vasco.

"Here is a pretty maiden," continued Elvira, smiling, and taking the hand of Violante, who stood behind her chair, "here is a pretty maiden, whose kind and gentle heart has already entwined itself around mine; and I mean to rob you of her, unless you say nay. The perils that are gathering around this place threaten her as much as me, even more."

"While her brother lives, credit me, noble lady, she has nought to fear, she will be safe," said Vasco, interrupting Elvira.

"I make no doubt of it, brave Vasco; but her brother might have to fly to the defence of his country, leaving her unprotected. With me, at Runa, she would be safer."

"You are right, senhora," answered Vasco, after a moment's reflection; "this is a boon we both receive at your hands, and for which we are beholden to you. If Violante is willing, I make no objection."

"It would grieve me to leave thee, brother," said the latter, feelingly. "I would fain remain with thee. Nay, I cannot prevail upon myself to leave thee in this way."

"Methinks, Violante, thou hadst better avail thee of this gracious offer, and accompany her ladyship. Indeed, dear sister, now that I think upon it, this is a God-send, and will relieve me of much anxiety on the score of thy safety. In the morning I can accompany thee to Alcôa."

"Nay, I would have her go with me now. I shall take upon myself to furnish her with all that her comfort requires, and such objects as she may wish to take with her, can be sent hence to-morrow."

Violante was soon induced to acquiesce in this arrangement, and as Elvira insisted upon returning home without delay, Vasco left the chamber in search of her groom, whom he directed to go to the monastery and request the loan of a litter. In less than an hour it was in readiness, and whilst Elvira and Violante took their seats inside, Vasco mounted his own mule, and, together with the groom, rode alongside of the litter, in order to see the lady of Runa and his sister safely on the road. While the party are on their way, I will endeavor to make the reader better acquainted with the young lady rescued from a watery grave by the cooper of Alcobaça.

Elvira had been a stranger to the fond caresses of a mother, nor had she ever been enabled to form a true conception of all she had thus lost; for her mother died in giving her birth. Her father, Dom Rodrigo Forjaz, Lord of Runa, was descended from a very ancient family, whose name adorns the earliest pages of Portuguese history, nay more, was already famous prior to the birth of the monarchy itself, when Portugal formed part of the kingdom of Leon and Castile. Dom Rodrigo enjoyed considerable reputation during his life, not only on account of his birth, wealth, and noble qualities, but also as a doughty knight and valiant warrior. He was, moreover, noted for an acquirement, which at that period scarcely any, if any at all, of his rank thought it worth their while to possess beyond the first rudiments: this was a knowledge of letters, then almost exclusively cultivated by churchmen. Elvira was an only daughter, and she had barely reached the age of six years, when an unfortunate event deprived her of her remaining parent. Here are the main facts, as she learnt them from an uncle, who became her guardian:

After six years of a widower's life, Dom Rodrigo sought the hand of a lady whose attractions had captivated his heart. Now, the Lord of Runa had a bosom friend, quite his equal in rank, for whom he felt the greatest affection, until at last he was led to believe that this friend had attempted to supplant him in the good graces of the lady he was courting. Highly incensed at such perfidy on the part of one who had for a long time enjoyed his entire confidence, he challenged him to mortal combat. The accused denied the fact; but when he found that Dom Rodrigo not only refused belief in his assertion, but moreover accused him of cowardice, he no longer hesitated in accepting the defiance. They fought, and the challenged party fell, having been killed on the spot by a well-directed blow. Notwithstanding that he was fully convinced of the culpability of his friend, a bitter pang shot through the heart of Dom Rodrigo on beholding the lifeless form of one he had so long cherished; from that moment he knew no peace of mind, and his feelings for the lady who had caused the dispute diminished considerably in intensity. But his despair knew no bounds when, very shortly afterwards, he discovered that his friend was innocent, and had fallen a victim to the villainous intrigues of an artful and heartless woman. This woman was no other than the one he had sought in marriage, who, having become acquainted with the other through the Lord of Runa, and having taken a greater fancy for him, had devised this foul means of taking revenge for his inattention to her advances. Looking upon himself in the light of an assassin, and overcome with grief, Dom Rodrigo resolved upon abandoning the world; and, joining a party of Franciscan friars who were going into Africa as missionaries, he soon after took his departure with them. But ere he left, he failed not to go in quest of the perfidious woman who had been the author of this tragedy, and after upbraiding her in the most vehement terms, he left her with a bitter curse, invoking the vengeance of Heaven upon her guilty head. This event had caused a great stir at the time, insomuch that she who was the origin of it, finding her position untenable, hastened either to quit the country, or to retire into some unknown corner, where she might avoid the public gaze. No news was received respecting Dom Rodrigo for nearly a year, when one of the Franciscans who had accompanied him unexpectedly returned; this friar, according to his own report, had succeeded in effecting his escape, after the murder of all his companions. In this way was it ascertained that Dom Rodrigo had suffered martyrdom with the other missionaries.

The Lord of Runa had left his little daughter to the guardianship of his only brother, Dom Mem Forjaz, in whom he placed the greatest confidence; and to his care he had entrusted the whole of his property until she should attain her majority. This property was at that time one of the most considerable in the kingdom; besides the estate of Runa—situated between Lisbon and Alcobaça, seven leagues north of the former and eleven south of the latter place—it consisted likewise of several other extensive properties in different parts of the country. Among these was the *quinta* of Alcôa, on the banks of the stream of the same name, and two short miles from Alcobaça. It may be proper here to inform the reader that *quinta* is a generic term, derived from the Arabic, for farm, park, estate, or other kind of rural property on which there is a mansion or habitation.

The event proved that Dom Rodrigo had not been deceived in his opinion respecting his brother's character. Selecting the quinta of Alcôa as his ordinary residence, in preference to any of the others, Dom Mem watched over his niece with the most tender care and solicitude, and having taken particular pains that she should receive a befitting education, and be instructed in all the accomplishments of the times, usual in those of her rank and sex, as soon as she became of age he put her in possession of all her estates. Elvira, whose affection for her uncle was that of a loving daughter—for the image of her father had long ago passed away from her memory—thought this change in her position altogether needless; but Dom Mem insisted upon carrying out the wishes expressed by his brother. They both, however, continued to reside most of the time at Alcôa, till the wars which followed the death of the late king obliged Dom Mem to buckle on his armor. He took sides against Castile, and after doing good service in the national cause, he fell during the siege of Lisbon, something less than a year before this story opens. When her grief for this bereavement was somewhat assuaged, and as soon as the state of the country permitted it, Elvira returned to Alcôa, which was the residence she preferred above every other, as having been the home of her childhood. She had been there for the last three months, when we introduced her to the reader.

A little more than half an hour after leaving Alcobaça, Elvira and her attendants arrived at the quinta of Alcôa. The place was apprcached from the road by a long avenue, bordered on either side with gigantic ash-trees, at the end of which were two ponderous gates, which gave entrance into a court-yard. The mansion was built of stone, consisting merely of a basement, and one story raised half-a-dozen feet above the level of the court, but covering a wide extent of ground. Its structure was irregular, as if many additions had been made in the course of time; and at one extremity was a chapel, by the side of which rose a tower, with its belfry. The building was some hundred yards from the river, upon an eminence, the slope of which was very gradual. On each side of the yard and mansion, and behind the latter, almost down to the water's edge, were pleasure-grounds, laid out for the most part in long avenues of trees and shrubbery, which intersected each other, the intervening spaces being filled up with fruit-trees; a limited portion was divided into flower-beds, and the whole was surrounded by a high, stone wall. Beyond this wall, vineyards, corn-fields, olive groves, orchards, etc., might be seen covering an area of over a thousand acres; all the farm-buildings being within the enclosure.

On leaving Elvira and his sister, in order to return home, Vasco promised to come back on the morrow, and accompany them part of the way on their journey to Runa, which, to the end that they might avoid the heat of the sun, was fixed for the hour of three in the afternoon; it was also settled that the lady and her escort would stop at Obidos for the night, or somewhere near it; for that town, which was a little less than half the distance to Runa, was then held by adherents to the Castilian party.

Little did the brave Vasco, or the gentle Elvira, as they thus separated, dream of the wild scenes, the insidious treacheries, and the frightful dangers, that were soon to encompass them on every side,—egress from which was only to be had through paths beset with deadly perils and slippery with noble blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE QUAKER BRIDES.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

LETTER I.

Fred. Nichols to Gustave Von Lindorn.

How do I like Eastbrook? Am I bored to death? How do I wear away my time? And can I talk "thee" and "thou" glibly, as yet? These questions, my Gustave, seem to form the gist and staple of your letter, and I will answer them in turn.

First, then, after a residence of several weeks, I like Eastbrook very much, indeed far better, in fact, than during the early days of my sojourn here.

How do I spend my time? I read, write, dig in the garden, drive with the ladies, yes, *ladies*, (and I'll tell you about them presently,) talk politics, and political economy, and the principles of trade, with my host, James Chadbourne, take long walks over the hills, &c., &c. Time never hung less heavily upon my hands, and that answers your second question, which I had overlooked, as well as your third.

The family of James Chadbourne consists of himself, his wife, Hannah, a fair, sweet old lady with an air of purity and goodness that is positively refreshing when I remember the rouged and painted old women of the city ball-room, walking advertisements of the cosmetics with which they strive to replace the bloom of their lost youth; of his two daughters, Anna and Dinah, and his grandchildren, James, Helen, and Mary Lewis, the children of his deceased eldest daughter Mary. There are, besides, two sons, but the younger is still at school, and the elder is in business in Philadelphia.

Until I came here I had always a prejudice against the sect to which the Chadbournes belong. But I can truly say that though I am by no means become a Quaker, I admire these members of the sect above all persons I have ever known.

FRED.

LETTER II.

From Dinah Chadbourne to Margaret Grey.

MY DEAR MARGARET:—Thou wilt, perhaps, be surprised at receiving this epistle, at this time, the more especially when thou hast noted its contents. But my mother, of whose sore illness I wrote thee a few weeks since, desires that I should invite thee hither, that I may, if thou dost accept the invitation, have the comfort and satisfaction of thy presence, and the benefit of thy kind assistance while I prepare for a strange event which is soon to occur.

I have told thee, Margaret, in my later letters, that Frederick Nichols, the son of Edward Nichols, my father's former partner in business, was paying us a long visit. Frederick came to us in the character of a gay and worldly young man. My father received him at the request of his old friend, in the hope that a quiet sojourn with us might be the means of doing him good. And mother had a "concern" for him that made her very anxious that he should come. I was averse to his abiding with us. His manners pleased me not, neither did I desire his vain allusions to such personal gifts as have been bestowed upon me, which he assured me were called in the world, "compliments," and much desired by the women thereof. After I had informed him that among Friends such vain conversation was not permitted, he ceased to trouble me with it, and I was more willing to listen to him when he talked of other things—the countries through which he had travelled, and the wild adventures he had made in his early youth—or read to us from the books he had brought with him, such portions as my mother approved.

I cannot tell thee how the change was wrought in me, nor in him. But he fell into all our plain ways, quietly and naturally, at the same time that he seemed, by his daily conversation, to bring me ever nearer to himself in my modes of thought and altered views of many subjects.

To me, truly, he *now* seems very good, Margaret, though I fear me much that he may yet be tempted to wrong when he returns to the world. But I have sought, anxiously, the inner light, and I verily believe it has guided me in all I have done. My mother's "concern" is removed, and father, though he had greatly desired to see us joined to our own people, denies me not.

Thou wilt understand, Margaret, that I am to be the wife of Frederick Nichols. We shall be married in a month, and I not only bid thee to the wedding, but I desire thy presence at once.

I wish thee, also, to be my bridemaid, after the world's customs, and I enclose my father's check for moneys which I desire thee, if thou wilt, to use in purchasing the articles of which you will find a list within. Buy, also, such a gown, and bonnet, and shawl, or other outer garment, as thou and Sarah Shone, whom thou wilt please employ to make the garments, shall deem proper for thy own apparelling on the occasion. Let my own gown and bonnet be of the richest pure white silk, for so my mother desires, and add thereto a vail of fine tulle, quite plain, for I will have no vain ornaments of apparel.

When thou hast bought these things, leave them with Sarah Shone, who has received directions concerning them, and come to me at once. We will meet thee, Frederick and I, at the station at A., on the day thou shalt inform us of thy coming, and mother desires me to bid thy young brother, Joel, in her name, to the wedding. If he pleases to accompany thee, he shall be welcome, or he can wait until the wedding day is near. Let him please himself.

My parents send friendly greetings to thine, and Anna joins me in love to thee, and thy Aunt Susan. Farewell.

DINAH.

LETTER III.

Fred. Nichols to Gustave.

Yes, married, Gustave! The happiest man alive, I repeat to myself daily, is this same Fred. Thank you for your congratulations; never had such words a better foundation in the elements of happiness that makes them almost prophetic. I only regret that the sudden journey you were forced to make prevented your attendance at the wedding in the capacity of groomsman, and attendant upon my wife's friend, Margaret Grey. Ah, my good fellow, you would have lost your heart, had you come, to this pretty, piquant Margaret. Only that inopportune journey saved you.

Have I ever described my wife to you? Never. I dared not till she was mine, for my jealousy feared to breathe a word of her loveliness, lest I should lose her. Imagine a slender, girlish shape, with all its curving outlines instinct with nameless, modest grace. No fashion to distort, but soft, flowing drapery falling in natural lines about the graceful limbs, and just short enough to display the tiny feet, with their arched insteps, that would craze a sculptor by their beauty. Arms whose lovely form the tight-fitting sleeve covers, but does not hide, hands small, shapely, with pearly nails, and rosy palms and finger tips, ever deftly employed in in some pleasant, useful occupation, and, crowning all, a head such as the early painters chose for the Madonna—small, but not too small, well shaped, well poised on the long, graceful neck, like a lily on its stem, and a face all calm with sweet maidenly thought, yet now beginning to foreshadow the burden of a woman's cares, that love cannot prevent, but only help her bear. Hair, light, sunny brown, and rippling from its quaker-like restraint, in the loveliest rings; brow pure, white and unsullied by a frown, eyes of that deep liquid gray so rare, so beautiful, mouth, sweetest man ever kissed, cheeks tinged with the faintest pink, that varies with every passing emotion, every feature straight, clear cut, after the Grecian type, but with something of the fuller outline of our modern American beauty. In short, she is perfect—not an "angel in drab," as you once said, but perfect in all womanly qualities, in her tenderness, her trust, her truthfulness, even in the womanly obstinacy that, though she has left the "meeting," makes her cling to the garb of Friends with exceeding pertinacity, albeit I must confess it has been somewhat modified in form, and she wears any soft, neutral tint in her dress, and trembles and blushes with delight if I approve.

In truth, I would not have her change. I best like her as she is—no woman of the world, even one least tainted with its shams and artificialities, could please me half so well.

For you, if you will follow my example, may be, perhaps, the merry, handsome Magaret—a very queen, though not of the order of fair, pale women—pearls that we associate with her lovely name. Come and see—she hankers for the world.

FRED.

LETTER IV.

Gustave to Fred.

* * * Next week, dear Fred, we, my queenly Margaret and I hold the tenth anniversary of our wedding-day. We bid you, Frederick, Dinah, and all the home flock, to the feast. We and our *daisies* are making ourselves and our home in readiness for you. Will you come? Till you promise, we bid no others.

* * * Ten happy, happy years have passed since I went, half eager to see her, half sorry for your infatuation, to pay my first visit to your Quaker bride.

The servant went up with my card, and I followed closely. A slight, graceful figure, in soft robes of pearly silk, that waved but did not rustle as she walked, rose from a distant corner and came forward to meet me. It was your dove-eyed Dinah, and as she laid her hand in mine and welcomed me in her sweet voice and quaint, but cordial words, my heart went out to her as to a sister.

"Gustave Von Lindorn, my husband's chosen friend, I welcome thee for his sake. I am truly glad to see thee, I thank thee for thy kind wishes, which, if God pleases, shall be fulfilled."

And then she drew me forward, and I had a vision of a tall lady rising from a window seat, clothed plainly, like the bride. A pair of black and sparkling eyes flashed their glances upon me, a dark olive face bent toward me slightly, raven bands of hair smooth and shinning encircled it as a frame; and then a small brown hand was placed in mine, and arch, sprightly tones spoke the few words of welcome.

* * * And thus I met my Margeret, my love, my bride, my ten-year wife, dearer to-day than ever before, and each day than the last. Fred, thou and I must ever bless the home that gave to us our Quaker brides!

GUSTAVE.

I SHALL THINK OF THEE, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I shall think of thee, my beautiful one,
When the roses their petals shall close,
When the humble violet shall hide its head
In the bosom of sweet repose.
And, oh, when the beams of the moon shall fall
On the silvery and murmuring sea,
When sleep has fled from my eyelids, love,
My thoughts shall all wander to thee.

When I shall glide through pleasure's gay throng,
And shall list to the songs of mirth;
Oh, then I shall think and ponder on one
Who to me has no equal on earth.
Oh, yes, dear one, my heart is thine own,
No matter wherever I be;
Thy love is a beacon to guide my bark
Through the waves of life's turbulent sea.

God knows this life is uncertain at best,
And its waters hide many a reef,
And while above us the skies may seem bright,
We may strike on a rock-hidden deep.
But even then, 'midst the howling waves,
And the growl of the hungry sea,
I would gaily throw out the anchor of hope,
And closer cling, love, unto thee.

HE CAME IN MERCY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Elm Grove," nestling against the side of a long range of picturesque hills, that smiled down upon the fruitfullest of vallies, was a thing of beauty in the landscape. Its owner, Martin Lyle, a merchant in one of our Atlantic cities, had spent a third of his fortune in the purchase and improvements on Elm Grove, and he had made of it an earthly Paradise. Taste, pride, and love of nature had, in turn, stimulated his thought, and moved his hand in the work of adornment, until beauty covered all things like a garment. Business became a secondary interest in his mind; love of gain burned feebly; trade was irksome; the city an offence. And so Martin Lyle withdrew from active business life, and retired with his family at Elm Grove.

But from the day of this change in the order of his life, a dimly obscuring vail seemed to fall on every thing around him. Elm Grove lost beauty in his eyes. Mr. Lyle moved through his gardens and groves, his lawns and summer-houses, and tried to force enjoyment; but in this very effort interest failed. He was resting for happiness in the excellence of outward, instead of inward life; and having touched the outward at nearly all desirable points, weariness was beginning to weigh upon his spirit.

Mr. Lyle was one of that large class of persons who live only for themselves and families. Outside of his own little world, he had few interests. He was a useful man so long as he engaged, actively, in business; for then, in the ardor of self-service, he became the servant of good to others through the common benefits that flow from trade. But when he retired from business, with the end of simply enjoying himself, he became a drone in society. An idler, for the most part, suffering the idler's penalty of weariness and unrest.

As Mr. Lyle regarded life, so was it regarded by his family. They did not consider themselves as members of the common body in the degree involving mutual service. To receive and to enjoy included their whole philosophy. The use of such talents and skill as they possessed in the work of good to others, was a thought which had never come into their minds. Wealth had given them superiority and immunity; so believing and so acting, the possession of wealth was hurtful—hurtful to their souls, and therefore destructive of happiness.

Daily, through all the luxuriant summer, from hundreds of lips fell the words, "How beautiful!" And in hundreds of hearts a pulse of envy beat, as eyes dwelt in admiration on Elm Grove and its magnificent surroundings. But with each rising and falling day of that fruitful summer, hearts grew more and more shadowed in Elm Grove. It had not fulfilled the enticing promise that lured its owner away from the city and its bustling marts.

But separated as Mr. Lyle was from business, no thought of going back found place for a moment. Relieved from that perpetual tension of mind which always accompanies trade, he experienced a kind of negative enjoyment in his comparative idleness, not to be willingly exchanged for the old state.

Before removing permanently to his elegant country home, Mr. Lyle had, during several years of carefully planned culture, made everything so perfect that little remained to be accomplished. Fruition was now to come. But it was inadequate—strangely in defect of anticipation. He had little to do, for all was done; and it is in doing that we find real pleasure, not in the contemplation of what is done.

One day, after the fields had given their harvests to the reapers; after the trees had bestowed their fruit, and the vines their clusters, in the late, still autumn time, when the heart grows pensive or sad, as we look on decaying nature, Mr. Lyle sat dreamily gazing forth upon the landscape. He was alone, and had been alone for some time. There was a deeper shadow than usual on his feelings; we say deeper, meaning to convey the impression that he rested now under a shadow all the while. A step approached, but he did not seem to observe the presence of any one. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned, slightly starting, and said:

"Oh, it's you, Harriet?"

"You look sober, dear. What are you thinking about?" And Mrs. Lyle sat down by her husband, and looked at him earnestly.

"I feel sober," was the reply.

"What is there to shadow your feelings?"

Mr. Lyle shook his head, and murmured, in a half absent way: "Nothing."

"What have you been thinking about?" Mrs. Lyle repeated her first question.

"About many things that I do not see clearly," he answered. "I'm afraid, Harriet, that I have not understood life. What more have I desired than this?" and he swept his hand and eyes around the meadows and woodlands that lay within the compass of Elm Grove. "And yet, since I have tried to enjoy it fully, I seem not to have enjoyed it at all."

There was in the tone and expression of her husband something that made a low fear creep through the heart of Mrs. Lyle. She knew that he had not been happy since his withdrawal from business, and idle life at Elm Grove; but no utterance like this had before given voice to a disquiet spirit. What answer could she make? None came to her lips, and so she sat in silence, gazing upon his shadowed face, and into his strangely altered eyes.

"I put my heart in this." And again he swept his hand towards the scenery that surrounded them. "I planned for years our Paradise, into which no evil thing was to intrude. I was to sit down among its beauties, no man being my peer in happiness. But there was an error somewhere in my calculation. It has not come out as I expected. Ah, me! I do not understand myself!" And laying his head down in his hands, he clasped his temples and sighed heavily.

Ah, how many there are who, like our retired merchant, find life a mystery—how many who, like him, in summing up the result towards which they have been looking with hopeful anticipations, find that there has been an error in the calculation!

Mrs. Lyle sat down beside her husband, strangely questioning in her mind as to the meaning of this state into which he had fallen, and unable to meet it by a single rightly-spoken word. She drew her hands within one of his arms, and leaned her face against him. A great shadow fell upon her; a low shudder of fear, as though an invisible danger were approaching, crept through her heart.

"What more could I have asked?" Mr. Lyle gave voice to his thoughts again. "I have made of Elm Grove all that I designed—all that fancy pictured. It is perfect; and yet, day by day, enjoyment wanes."

But his wife had no medicine for his sick soul. Like him, she had lived only in the outer world; had built only on the foundations of natural life.

From that period Mr. Lyle fell into a listless, dreamy state. For hours every day he would sit alone; and if intruded upon, show signs of impatience. All interest in Elm Grove departed; though he resisted every effort of his wife and daughters to gain his consent to a removal. The winter that followed was one of new and painful experiences to the family. Trouble came in too appalling shapes. In withdrawing from business, Mr. Lyle had left four-fifths of his capital in the firm, besides retaining an interest. Through bad debts and failing speculations, it happened that the entire capital was lost. The balance-sheet and account of stock taken in January, revealed a startling fact. The house was bankrupt! The announcement of this disaster, coming as it did upon a morbid and depressed condition of mind, swept away the already wavering reason, and Mr. Lyle floated helplessly down the stream of life.

It is difficult to imagine a deeper despair than that into which Mrs. Lyle and her two daughters were suddenly plunged. They had not been educated, in any thing, for a trial like this. In the darkness that surrounded them, no path was visible; no light appeared. For a little while they sat down with folded hands, helpless and hopeless.

But love is a vital thing; and love soon stirred the thought of Mrs. Lyle. One suggestion after another came; and, as her soul sat listening in the silence and darkness in which it dwelt, she heard voices never heard before, and a speech full of new and inspiring utterances. She had, likewise, faint glimpses of an inner world, and of ends and deeds in life based on higher principles. Love made living a sense of duty. In her hour of extremest weakness, strength was born—born of God's spirit as it moved over the face of the great deep in her soul.

The form of Mr. Lyle's insanity was an impassive, almost lifeless condition of mind. There were no lurid gleams of blind passion, nor exhibition of a strong will in a wrong direction. He was harmless, and yielded almost implicitly to his wife. He was not, therefore, removed to an asylum.

The wreck of fortune was complete. Elm Grove passed to other hands, and the family came back to the city; but how different their position from that occupied a little while before. Then, only the question of how to enjoy life occupied their thoughts; now it was the question of sustaining life.

Where an earnest purpose to do exists, ways and means usually appear, though not always in the direction anticipated. Not only did light come to the mother in darkness, but to her two daughters, Grace and Harriet, also. They had minds and hands; and as by these others did useful service in the world, through which sustainance of life came, might not they do useful service also? The question was not long in gaining an affirmative answer. Their father's helplessness, and their mother's years, were an ever present motive. Love moved them to action, and ere a twelvemonth passed from the time they went forth shuddering into the world from their Eden at Elm Grove, they were bringing in full sheaves from their fields of labor, and laying them, in tears of hope and thankfulness, on the threshing floor of home.

A new sphere of life was gradually developed from a new order of life in the stricken, but closer bound family. The light which had shone in upon them, when all was dark, and the voices with new utterances which had come to them in the silence of their despair, continued to shine with increasing brightness, and to speak in a more emphatic language. They saw into a new world of thought and motive, and understood life from higher principles. Existence had gained a new signification.

How tenderly, how devotedly, how yearningly did they minister to that beloved one, who had been stricken in the prime of manhood. All they had lost of worldly good and worldly position, was as nothing to their loss of his clear reason and loving consciousness; and with the care and tenderness of a mother seeking to touch the springs of thought in her infant, did they seek to awaken in his mind the orderly activities of a conscious soul. And their loving care did not lie fruitless. Oh, with what thrills of genuine pleasure did they hail the first signs of returning reason! How toil grew light, and self-denial easy, as they saw scale after scale drop away from his eyes, and his vision grow clearer and clearer.

There was a new element in the life of this family upon which rested their higher development. Misfortune is a wise teacher; but unless God is acknowledged in misfortune, and the soul accepts the wisdom that comes from God, the teaching but little avails. It availed here, because the new element of religious trust found an abiding place with Mrs. Lyle, and passed by spriritual transfusion to the hearts of her daughters. There had been loss and gain; but, in adjusting the account, how largely proved the gain.

One day, it was nearly two years from the time when darkness fell upon them so suddenly, Mrs. Lyle entered a room where Grace, her oldest daughter, sat alone. She held a note in her hand, and also a newspaper. Grace looked up with a quiet smile on her womanly face.

"This is from Henry Lardner," said Mrs. Lyle, holding out the note.

Instantly a warm flush mantled the daughter's brow.

"He is worthy, my child, and I cannot answer nay." Mrs. Lyle bent down and kissed her, and then received the hidden face on her bosom.

"A sad thing has happened," said Mrs. Lyle, a little while afterward. "A very sad thing."

"What?" A shadow fell over the glowing countenance of Grace.

Mrs. Lyle opened the newspaper in her hand, and read:

> "Theodore Flemming was arrested at his home last evening, charged with participation in a system of gigantic frauds against the customs revenue. The proofs of his complicity are ample. He has only been married a few months to the daughter of a prominent citizen. The circumstance has deeply shocked our community."

Mrs. Lyle looked up as she finished reading. The countenance of Grace was deadly pale.

"My daughter!" she said, dropping the paper and drawing an arm around Grace; "Theodore Flemming is nothing to you!"

"Nothing, mother," was calmly answered. "Nothing now. When misfortune fell upon my life, he turned away coldly, and made his promise false. Oh, thank God for misfortune!"

"Yes, thank God, my child! His ways are in the dark; they are past finding out; but His steps are sure. He comes to us ever in mercy, leading us by ways that we know not."

The door opened, and the placid face of a man looked in. It was the face of Mr. Lyle, in which the light of reason shone—not with the strong light as of old, but steady and full of promise.

"Have you heard the news about Flemming?" he asked.

"I was just reading it to Grace," replied Mrs. Lyle. For a few moments he looked curiously and half in doubt at Grace. Then crossing the room, and laying his hand upon her head, uttered these words:

"We shall see it all clear enough by and by, darling. God is good, and will make it plain. It seems to be coming out right, as mother said it would come," glancing with a look of loving confidence towards his wife. "I thought it would have killed me, when the blow came. Ah well, dear! Never mind. There's something good in store for us."

And there was, in a truer, higher, and more heavenly life, into which, by daily duties, they entered more and more. They had gone down, as into the valley and shadow of death; and now, arising on the other side, to their feet, were already ascending the mountains, in whose far-reaching summits angels have their dwelling-places. Yes, God, in his providence, had come to them in mercy; and while removing the foundations on which their house was builded, and letting the fair structure fall into hopeless ruin, was spreading beneath them His everlasting arms. He cast down that he might raise them up again; He wounded to heal; shadowed their natural lives, that he might open to them the windows of Heaven, and flood their sails with the marvellous radiance of the upper world.

Wealth never came back to them, nor did the mind of Mr. Lyle gather up its full strength again. But sweet peace dwelt with them, as in patience and loving self-devotion they builded new dwelling-places for the soul, against which earthly storms might beat in vain, for they were founded on a rock.

AN ADVENTURE IN LA PLATA.

The Indians occupying that vast region in the interior of the Argentine Republic, designated on the maps of that country as *El Gran Chaco*, are of an extremely hostile and predatory character; and, like the Camanches, Arrapahoes, Kiowas and Apaches of New Mexico, keep the inhabitants of the frontiers in continual alarm.

On one occasion, during my short residence in that country, a party of these savages made a foray upon the plantations in the vicinity of Santiago, murdered the males, made prisoners of the women and children, drove off a large herd of cattle and horses, and then set fire to the ranchos.

Before the light of the burning dwellings was discovered by the citizens of Santiago, a body of mounted *gauchos* (or herdsmen) dashed into the town, aroused the sentinels with the unwelcome tidings, and instantly a military force was in saddle for pursuit of the marauders.

The party was in command of my good friend, the governor, Don Tobaño, who invited me to accompany him.

We were all well mounted on fresh horses, and at a fierce gallop reached the burning buildings, the light from which had guided us, for it was yet some hours before day. Halting here only long enough to give the scouts time to discover the trail, we pushed on.

The Indians had several hours the start of us, for the *gauchos* are so skillful in tracking cattle that they can tell without hesitation the precise time at which they have passed over the ground.

Ahead of us, at a distance of little more than half a league, we perceived the plain was bordered by a thick wood, towards which the trail led us.

"The dogs are doubtless halting somewhere in yonder wood," said the governor to me, as he gave the order to increase our speed; scarcely, however, had we entered the shadowy avenues of the magnificent grove, than a shout from our advanced scouts told us that the enemy was in sight of them. They had evidently discovered us upon their trail, and were now flying into the recesses of the forest, leaving, in their haste to escape with their prisoners, many of the animals scattered on every side of us.

"Forward!" shouted the commandant, and after a headlong gallop of a few moments, we came in sight of the dust of the flying savages. A little further on we sighted the savages themselves, with their captives before them, urging their horses to their best speed. But our horses were choice animals, and we soon perceived that we were rapidly gaining upon them. The Indians, too, were aware of this, and as the main body of them dashed into the marshy margin of a narrow lagoon, a portion of them halted, and forming a line, appeared disposed to dispute the passage with us.

They had not long to wait, for with a cheering shout, our brave fellows were upon them, dealing blows right and left, and discharging their pistols among the savages, who kept their ground, till the other Indians had safely crossed the lagoon, and had gained considerable advance—which appeared to be the sole object of the stand. They now wheeled suddenly, and darting through the lagoon, spurred away after their companions, leaving four of their number unhorsed and badly wounded. Spurring through the mirey slough we were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitive Indians. Notwithstanding two of our *gauchos* had received ugly lance wounds, they refused to return, but continued to keep up with the van of the party.

Our horses, by this time, began to show signs of fatigue, and we could now put them only at halfspeed. The Indians, during the chase, had halted two or three times, to lasso fresh horses; and these detentions gave us opportunities to gain upon them again. The ground now became strewed with saddles, skins of animals, lances and other trappings of the Indians; while the animals they had stolen continued to break from the herd, for in their anxiety to escape with their captives, they made no attempt to recover them.

Fatigued as were our horses, we were gradually coming up with the savages, when suddenly, as if by the aid of magic, they disappeared from our sight. We had come upon the edge of a deep valley, overgrown with a dense thicket of thorny shrubs, and coarse grass, whose innumerable branching paths diverged in every direction. Leaving the cattle, they had plunged, with their captives, into this, to us, impenetrable jungle; and we were forced to relinquish all further pursuit.

For the time, the Indians were safe. But we succeeded, after some labor, in collecting several hundred head of the stock, and after reaching the edge of the forest, halted to refresh our exhausted animals. We had ridden them most of the distance at the top of their speed; and I was surprised, when informed by the governor, that we were now more than one hundred and thirty miles from Santiago—such is the endurance and bottom of the noble little horses of the Argentine pampas.

After slaughtering a bullock, and roasting the meat, we partook of a hearty meal, followed by a siesta, beneath the fragrant shadows of the blossoming mimosas, and lulled by the pampa breeze, singing among the drooping fronds of the magnificent palms. Our wearied horses cropped with greedy jaws the luxuriant grass, and by the time we had refreshed ourselves with sleep, the animals were ready for remounting.

Selecting a small party of gauchos to return with the recovered cattle, Don Tobaño, with the soldiers, and myself still accompanying him, struck off in a south-easterly direction across the open pampa, toward the nearest frontier military post. Here he said, he intended to remount his party on fresh horses, and with a re-enforcement, accompanied by a guide, named Pepe, who had been a prisoner among the *Abissones*, and was well acquainted with all the haunts of the Indians, he intended to make one more attempt to rescue the unfortunate women and children from their savage captors.

It was dark by the time we had reached the post, and after a supper of the eternal roast beef, we made our beds upon the soft clover without the palisades, and slept soundly till awakened by the cheerful notes of the reveille, when, partaking of a cup of the refreshing *maté*, we were once more in our saddles for another pursuit of the savages.

Dashing ahead at a rapid rate, (for South Americans never ride at a less speed than a gallop,) we soon left the station below the horizon in our rear, and once more came in sight of the long line of palm forests, into which we had ridden in our first pursuit of the Indians. But crossing the trail we had previously followed, Pepe led the party in a more southerly direction, by which, he said, we would avoid the lagoons, and by a newer course strike the lake, upon the margin of which was situated the village, where we would be likely to find the captured women. Thus we galloped along through the shadowy avenues the entire day. After reaching the interior of the forest, a halt was ordered, and staking out our horses, we prepared to spend the night here, and before the return of day, we were once more mounted for the continuance of our rapid ride.

We had been in our saddles about two hours, when our advanced scouts rode back with the intelligence that they had discovered signs of the Indians, there being cattle and horses grazing near the margin of the forest, where the pampa, or rather a narrow belt of it, separated the wood from the wooded banks of the lake, on which Pepe asserted was their principal village.

After a few hurried orders from Don Tobaño, we were again flying at full speed toward the opening of this grassy belt, and on reaching it, we could perceive a line of the savages ready to receive us, as they were but partially concealed in the timber.

We had no doubt the object of the wily savages was to give us fight, while the prisoners were hurried away to their hiding-places among the thickets on the farther side of the lake.

But the order was given to charge through this picket, or advance guard of the Indians, and make a dash immediately for the village.

In gallant style the men obeyed unhesitatingly, and with loud shouts and the discharging of firearms, we cut our way through the naked Abissones, many of whom fell bleeding and dying to the ground, while some few of our fellows were wounded by the blunt weapons of the Indians, and some of our horses were rendered useless.

Upon the margin of the little lake, the main body of the savages, who had not had time to withdraw with the captives before we were upon them, had assembled in front of their huts, and all armed with long lances, stood at bay to receive our charge.

Our body was halted within pistol shot of them, and an interpreter was sent forward to demand the surrender of their captives.

"By San Antonio, never!" was the reply of an old white-headed cacique. "We will fight you, but the prisoners you shall never have!"

While this parley was being held, we could see that the captives were retained under guard within the huts, and hands and faces were thrust through the crevices of the reed lodges, stealthily beseeching us to rescue them.

The Indians, expecting a charge, such as had been received by their advanced body, stood firmly in their tracks, and presented the points of their long lances, with the end of the shafts planted obliquely in the ground. But the order was given to fire; and the men poured a volley of carbine shots into their ranks. The Indians, not expecting this, were taken by surprise, and fell back, in dismay, to the shore of the lagoon, where, arming themselves with cobble stones, they made a desperate attack upon us. The fight now became interesting, and I was much surprised at the bravery shown by these simple savages.

But, with all their courage, they were not a match for the well-armed soldiers, and soon were driven from the spot. Some sought shelter among the huts, where we refrained from firing, for fear of wounding the captives, while others flew to the cover of the woods.

Among the latter was a tall, light-skinned fellow, who, at every shot discharged at him, would fall to the ground, and when I supposed he had been mortally wounded, would spring to his feet and seek another place of shelter. Thus shot after shot of the badly charged escopets were sent after him without injury, when, at length, Don Tobaño rode up to me, and exclaimed:

"Señor Medico! that fellow is no Indian; he is a Portuguese, and a bad man—a noted traitor and criminal, who has absconded from justice, and has taught these people many deviltries. Do me the favor to shoot the rascal! your rifle never misses."

In compliance with this request, I levelled my gun upon the fellow, as he was dodging from tree to tree. He saw my intention, and throwing up his hands, cried out:

"Don't kill me! I am not an Indian, but a captive!"

"He lies! the rascal!" shouted the governor. "Give him your bullet, mi amigo!"

And drawing bead upon the fellow, so as not to strike a vital spot, I fired and brought him to the ground, when he was secured, and afterward conveyed to Santiago, where he suffered the penalty of his crimes.

The result of all our noise and firing was the death of only three or four of the savages, while the living sought concealment in the thickets and marshes of the lagoon, leaving us in possession of all their captives.

Our gauchos were not long in gathering up the herds belonging to the Indians; and mounting the women and children, we returned in triumph to Santiago, where we arrived after an absence of little more than three days, having ridden in that time over three hundred miles, and, besides the captives, rescuing several thousand head of cattle and horses.

Good Farming.—"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa, fuss rate farmer—he make two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his *hay* in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

If with one effort you should raise a tree twenty feet high, so as to make it forty feet high, you would not do more violence to its roots than you do to society, when you attempt suddenly to elevate it above its former level.

Knavery and pride are often united; the Spartan boy was dishonest enough to steal a fox, but proud enough to let the beast eat out his vitals sooner than hazard detection.

The eagle would be starved if he always soared aloft against the sun. The bird of wisdom flies low and seeks her food under hedges.

Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.

The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians always delve too deep to find them. No history was ever true.

The opinion of a thousand million ignorant or ill-informed men is not equal to the opinion of one that is wiser.

The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

Wishes are by-paths on the declivity of unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears.

The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.

A Christian's life is laid in the loom of Time to a pattern which he does not see; and his heart is the shuttle.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipwreck.

When some people make a great deal of you, you may be sure they mean to make a great deal out of you.

A main reason why adversity often makes a man scorned is that it makes him abject—and thus worthy of scorn.

Most of the political editors must certainly be temperate men. 'Tis said there is truth in wine—and they never tell it.

A certain old bachelor of our acquaintance, whenever he is intoxicated, fancies himself married; he sees everything double—even his blessedness.

Some men's souls corrupt the atmosphere more in their lives than their unburied carcasses could after death.

Our ladies must be great heroines, if we may judge from the manner in which we occasionally hear them storming *fortes*.

It is generally as true of those who are dogs in soul as of dogs in form that they fall to barking because one of their fellows does.

Some women, instead of having no souls, have several apiece; each feature is a soul of itself.

A throne is not built of birds' nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.

There are fantastic preachers who seem to be ever pinning butterflies to the pulpit-cushion.

Laws and institutions, like clocks, must occasionally be cleansed, wound up, and set to true time.

Some minds, if we may judge from the froth and scum they throw off, must be constantly *at work*.

A man with an evil habit fixed in his soul is as badly off as a nut with a worm in its kernel.

Some couples must increase their arithmetical importance before they can ever become 1.

Seize opportunity by the forelock, if you can; if you fail, grab him by the nape of the neck.

It seems a paradox, that, if men hate at all, they should *hate right* and not *hate wrong*.

The geometer, the surveyor, and the fisherman angle for a livelihood.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A well-dressed woman enticed a little girl, four years old, whom she found playing before her parents' door in Broome street, to go off with her, by giving the little creature candy and promising her a nice doll and a pony as soon as she got home; but the father of the child happening to meet them in Greene street, he rescued his daughter and was about handing the woman over to the police; but she begged so hard to be allowed to go unpunished that he finally relented and permitted her to go her way.

A young lad, about ten years old, whose parents reside in Classon avenue, Brooklyn, got down his father's shot gun one day lately, and began to "play soldier" with it; while thus engaged, a man came along who declared (as he said, just to have a little fun with the boy) that he was a secessionist, whereupon the youthful patriot "drew bead" on him and snapped the gun, which, to the affright of both parties, went off, and sent a charge of shot through the man's hat, but luckily did him no injury.

A number of river thieves, in a small boat near Greenpoint, got into a fight one morning recently, in regard to the distribution of their plunder, and a couple of them, locked in each other's arms fell overboard, whereupon their comrades rowed off and left them to get to land as best they could, which they at last succeeded in doing, and then in a fit of exasperation informed the police of the rendezvous of the gang, which led to the capture of five desperadoes and considerable booty.

A German peddler, while passing through a piece of woods, as a short cut from one village to another in northern New Hampshire, was attacked by a bear, and bitten and torn so severely that he was just able to crawl into the road, hail a farmer who was passing and tell him his story, before he died. Several persons soon after turned out to hunt for the bear, which they found in the agonies of death, from wounds inflicted by the peddler with his knife.

As a number of children were playing in Varick street one day lately, a couple of men, excited and rendered reckless by hard drinking, came dashing along in a one-horse wagon, and driving among the children, knocked down and injured two of them seriously—one of them so badly that it was not supposed it could survive. The perpetrators of the outrage escaped without being recognized.

An Englishwoman, but recently arrived in this country, committed suicide at a boarding house up town, one night a short time since, by taking strychnine; the cause of her doing so being disappointment at not meeting expected friends in this city and total lack of the means of subsistence.

According to late news from Utah, published in a Missouri paper, the Indians and the Mormoms cannot get along as peacefully as Brigham Young supposed they could. The savages are beginning to waylay the "saints" on all sides, and it is possible that a war of extermination will be waged between them.

A little girl, five years old, whose parents reside in Thompson street, while trying to unfasten a window blind in the second story, that was open and fastened back by the catch, lost her balance, fell to the ground, and striking her head upon a stone step, was instantly killed.

An insane man, whose wife was accompanying him from Louisville to Cincinnati, for the purpose of having him treated for his malady, jumped off the steamboat into the river, just before the starboard wheel, and was killed by the blows which he received as the wheel passed over him.

A number of stevedores were scuffling and boxing, in South street, one day a short time since, and a couple of them getting into an extemporaneous wrestling match, one threw the other and falling heavily upon him injured him so badly that he had to be taken to the hospital.

A couple of ruffians, meeting a woman in Grand street, one evening after dark, insulted her, whereupon she stuck the point of her parasol into the eye of one of them to such an extent as probably to extinguish that orb, and sent him howling away with his companion at his heels.

The body of a woman arrayed in rather fashionable and costly attire, was found floating in a slip on the East River, one morning recently; there was nothing about her that afforded a clue to her identity.

A sempstress, whose lover had borrowed all her hard-earned savings and then absconded, killed herself by taking a dose of laudanum, one night recently at her mother's residence in South Brooklyn.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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GERMAN NOTIONS FOR THE ARMY.

It is generally conceded that the German soldiers of our army have proved themselves, so far, excellent campaigners. Their camps have been extremely well regulated and pleasant, and the health of the men has averaged better than that of the other troops. One fine regiment, for example, (the Fifth New York Militia,) returned home, after three months' service in the field, without having lost a man, without having a man sick, and with the great majority of the men in better health than when they left New York. So avers their regimental surgeon, Dr. Carl Haase, in his official report. And yet for seven weeks that regiment lived on Meridian Hill without tents, and without being able, in all respects, to carry out their sensible German notions.

The same Dr. Haase gives the government the benefit of his experience, in a few simple but important recommendations. He is quite of the opinion that, though Uncle Sam supplies food, it is the deuse himself that furnishes cooks. Bad cooking, he says, is the curse of our army. He advises that *company kitchens be totally abolished*, and the cooking for a whole regiment be done in *a regimental kitchen*, superintended by a professional cook, aided by ten soldiers. One good cook can superintend the cooking for a thousand men with perfect ease; but so long as every company of sixty or seventy men has its own kitchen and its own squad of ignorant cooks, the army cannot possibly be provided with proper food. Dr. Haase says that he has known a company of sixty men all prostrated and brought under medical care in one afternoon by a badly cooked dinner. A man unacquainted with cooking will make the coffee so strong that no one can drink it, and, the next morning, another extempore cook, determined to avoid the error of his predecessor, will make it so weak that no one will want to drink it. The remedy for these and all other abuses of the same kind is, regimental kitchens, with one well-paid, professional cook over each.

Dr. Haase thinks that the German bread is better for soldiers in the field than the bread now served out. German bread is made of rye, is cheaper than our bread, and has the property of keeping tolerably fresh for several days.

One suggestion dropped by our German physician is well worthy the consideration of the Surgeon-General of the army. Every man, he thinks, whether officer or private, general or subaltern, on going into action, should be required to carry about his person, in some designated place, a bandage four yards long and three inches wide, and a small quantity of lint, the whole compactly folded and fastened with four pins. A surgeon would then never lose a patient for want of a bandage, and, in a vast number of cases, the wounded man himself, or his comrade, could apply the bandage at once, and stop a dangerous effusion of blood.

SKIES BRIGHT.

Business again moves with healthful impulse in its wonted channels. The tide of traffic does not indeed rush, and surge, and foam; it flows quietly, evenly, and with fewer bubbles than usual on its surface. This is well. We are learning to accommodate ourselves to a new state of things, and to exercise a discretion in our expenditures that many of us ought to have exhibited years ago. Necessity is no milk-and-water teacher of ethics, but her stern lessons are often wholesome and profitable.

The croakers, whose pleasure it is to be miserable and make others so, foretold that about this time there would be a grand commercial collapse, but in the face of their predictions we have a very fair fall trade. This must be patent to everybody who traverses our leading business streets, including Broadway. Nor is there anything surprising in the fact. People must eat, and wear clothing, war or no war. Hundred-dollar pocket handkerchiefs and thousand-dollar lace dresses may not be "in request," sets of diamonds may be "dull," costly upholstery and furniture too beautiful to be handled may be "heavy," and for luxuries in general the demand may be "unusually light." Probably it is so. If not it ought to be. But for the substantials—the articles of necessity and comfort—there is, so we are informed, about the usual call. Into our glorious harbor, in addition to the legitimate traffic of the port, flows no inconsiderable amount of commerce that, under different circumstances, would have found its way to New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah and other entrépôts; so that upon the whole this great city exhibits at its wharves, in its stores and warehouses, and on all its streets and avenues, a very creditable appearance of vitality. If New York is a "sick man," it carries the thing off with a very fine air of being robust and healthy. Moreover, we understand that Philadelphia and Boston are equally prosperous, and that the same is true of the great cities of the West.

◆

The Sabbath in Gen. Banks's command is kept with great exactitude. No business not absolutely necessary is transacted, and in most of the regiments, religious services are held at least once during the day. The only music by the band is that adapted to the occasion.

The above remarks we copy from an exchange. In a division of the army where the Sabbath is so well observed, as might be expected, all other days are well and profitably spent. Praying soldiers are the best fighters. We are quite safe in predicting brilliant achievements by Gen. Banks and the troops under his command.

◆

— The story entitled "Vasco Peres: *The Cooper of Alcobaça*," which we commence in this number of the Ledger, is a romance of the Chivalric Age, and abounds in wild adventure, high-toned courage, heroic exploits, and romantic womanly beauty and devotion, which were characteristics of those warlike and stirring times. History—especially the history of war—furnishes more interesting romances than the most prolific and brilliant imagination.

OFFICERS' DRILL.

There is one way, and but one way, in which a regiment of volunteers can become a regiment of soldiers. It is summed up in two words, Officers' Drill.

Every one has heard of the Lancasterian method of teaching school. A thousand children having to be taught by one teacher, could learn little from him directly, hence the Lancasterian system of teaching by a corps of monitors, who alone receive direct instruction from the teacher.

The Lancasterian system must be applied to the great business of converting raw volunteers into good soldiers. The officers must first be taught, and then required to impart what they have learned to the men.

It is a fact within the personal knowledge of many of our readers, that a majority of the officers of our new regiments knew scarcely anything of their new vocation when they first embraced it. We have known men to be elected captains who could not get a company of soldiers round a brick-pile without help. They actually would not have known what orders to give, nor when to give them, nor whether, if given, they were obeyed. Such men cannot teach until they have been taught.

It is maintained by those who have had much experience in such matters, that officers' drill, and officers' drill only, can make soldiers out of men so commanded. Every day, according to these authorities, the officers should assemble, all shoulder muskets, and submit to an hour's energetic drill. Every day they should assemble a second time for half an hour's verbal instruction. Twice a week, the officers of a whole brigade or division should meet for two hours' regimental drill. Having learned the rudiments of the military art in this manner, they could then assist in communicating the same to the troops.

By means of officers' drill, a single thorough soldier could, in six months, convert a whole regiment into good soldiers.

A VEXATIOUS QUESTION.

Mr. Ledger:—Is there not some way by which servant-girls, who are sent out to walk with children, can be made to treat them with common humanity, not to mention kindness and affection? To have one's children cuffed, and slapped, and twitched by the arm, and shaken by servants, is enough to drive a person frantic. Cannot you throw a little light on the subject, and give a subscriber some degree of consolation? Please do, and much oblige, A Mother.

Before attempting to reply to our correspondent's questions, we will ask her if *she* never cuffs or slaps her children, or twitches them by the arm, or shakes them, or gets out of all manner of patience with them? To such a question, probably every parent in the land would be constrained to answer yes. If, then, a mother, who loves her children with unspeakable affection, cannot always be patient with them, how can it be expected that a servant-girl, who has neither the mother's affection for the children, nor her superior culture and intelligence, can always so thoroughly control her temper as never to treat them with petulance or severity? Such expectations are utterly futile. It is impossible to prevent servants sometimes acting harshly towards children committed to their care; in fact, as human nature now is, they cannot help behaving thus. But—some excellent mother is probably ready to say—do you uphold servants in such conduct? We answer—no. What, then, is to be done? *Let every mother take care of her own children;* or, at least, let her keep them under her own eye as much as possible; and if she is compelled to absent herself from their presence, let some one else, who is bound to them by ties of affection, take her place, or else let her make her stay as short as possible. No pecuniary bond, or tie of servitude is sufficient to ensure the loving nurture of children; but in a family where parents have a proper love for and devotion to their little ones, making *their welfare paramount to almost everything else*, servants are not apt to ill-treat them. They know better; and if they do not, their first offence should be visited with instant dismissal.

DISCIPLINE.

Twenty policemen forming a compact body, moving as by one impulse and acting upon a pre-arranged tactical system, will charge upon a mob of a thousand men and arrest and bear off its ringleaders. Such are the effects of concert of action and oneness of purpose, and these are among the results of *discipline*. We see its operation in our public schools, in our factories and workshops, in every well ordered family. We feel the want of it or the value of it in ourselves, accordingly as we have learned to control and regulate our feelings or permitted them to outrage propriety and decency without let or hindrance. It is only by moral discipline that the individual can render his mental and moral attributes thoroughly available for the best practical ends, and it is only by physical discipline that great *mobs* of men can be converted into invincible armies.

The confidence with which discipline inspires military organizations is wonderful. A body of troops perfect in all the manœuvres of the field and competently commanded, may be led to the charge against almost any odds, as witness the dragoon affair at the battle of Balaklava. Men call this the "instinct of discipline," but the phrase is wrong. The pride and confidence which discipline engenders, not a mere instinct, carry "crack" corps and regiments through cross fires, over the parapets of batteries, and into collision with lines of bayonets.

YOUNG LIFE.

No wonder that old people love to have the young around them, to watch their sports, to hear their ringing laughter, to be their chosen advisers in difficulty, their referees on all disputed points. It is not merely that children gratify the vanity of age by their deference and confidence, but chiefly because they superabound with life, an element of which age feels the deficiency in every nerve and fibre and vein, that their presence is delightful to those whose journey's end is near. Cold indeed and dreary is the shadow of life's evening, if its monotony be not broken, its atmosphere stirred and brightened, by the merry words and happy smiles of childhood.

All old folks, whose privilege it is to be surrounded by their children's children, will admit this without reservation. And let us whisper in the ears of all contemners of matrimony, that nothing will supply the place of children to the aged. Maltese cats will not do it, fair lady, nor poodles, nor any dumb creature, be it bird or beast. You may refuse a score of good men and true, waiting still for some divine perfection of a man who will never make his appearance, and come to these at last. And you, Sir Bachelor, enamored of personal independence, determined never to surrender your liberty, and unable to discover what "the fools get married for," do you suppose that anything you give yourself credit for now enjoying, will compensate you for the loneliness that will fall upon your wifeless, childless age, when the freedom of the nightlatch is no longer worth a doit, and champagne suppers, and all the etcetera of bachelor dissipation can charm and stimulate no more?

LOVE IN THE PALACE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Four hundred years ago a king, by the name of Louis, sat upon the united throne of Hungary and Poland. He had two daughters, Maria and Hedwige, between whom, at his death, he decided to divide his realms. This magnificent dowry for the young princesses lured suitors to his palace, from all the ambitious courts of Europe. Sigismond, son of the king of Bohemia, won the hand of Maria, and the crown of Hungary which she held in it.

Austria then consisted of a conglomeration of provinces which had not yet attained the dignity of a kingdom. Leopold, one of its ambitious dukes, whose rule was extended over a portion of Switzerland and the Tyrol, was quite overjoyed when he secured the pledge of the hand of Hedwige, with the crown of Poland, for William, his eldest son.

Hedwige was a maiden of wonderful beauty, and rare accomplishments for that age. William was also a young prince of such remarkable personal attractions, and of such intellectual culture and endowments, that he was generally known by the epithet of William the Delightful. He had been trained, intellectually and physically, in the polished court of his uncle Alfred, who resided in Vienna, and who extended his sway over the Austrian provinces of the Danube. William and Hedwige were betrothed before they had seen each other. The young Polish princess was invited to Vienna to pass a few months in the ducal palace of that voluptuous capital. William also came from his paternal mansion in Switzerland, and met her there. With them both it was love at first sight. Seldom have two hearts more instinctively and intimately blended.

There was a series of brilliant entertainments, in which the young lovers met, participating in those joys which youthful hearts alone can know; and with no jealousies to disturb their peace, and no fears to cloud the future, the course of true love did indeed seem to run smooth. Amidst the splendors of the court there was witnessed the rare spectacle of fond hearts throbbing lovingly. From these festivities Hedwige was suddenly called home by the sickness of her father. She had hardly reached the ancestral castle ere her father died, and she was immediately recognized and crowned as Queen of Poland, receiving the most enthusiastic greetings of her subjects. Immediately she began to make preparation for her marriage with William.

Adjoining Poland, there was an immense duchy, Lithuania, embracing sixty thousand square miles, and renowned for barbaric wealth and power. Jaghellon, the duke, was a burly Northman, not more than half civilized, and almost as ferocious as the wolves which howled through his black forests. He was, withal, an unmitigated pagan. Jaghellon was very anxious to unite Poland and Lithuania under his sway, for he would thus become one of the most powerful sovereigns of internal Europe. He therefore proposed to the Polish nobles, who in their diet created kings or dethroned them, that he should marry Hedwige, and thus annex Lithuania to Poland, by which measure Poland would be elevated to a first-rank power. It was a brilliant offer, which these proud nobles could not reject. To give still greater efficiency to his suit he promised the Christian bishops of Poland that, in the event of the marriage, he would renounce paganism and embrace Christianity.

The bishops and the barons met in secret conclave, and immediately decided that Hedwige must marry Jaghellon. When the decision was announced to the maiden queen she was horror-stricken, and declared that no earthly power should induce her to marry any one but William. The statesmen among the barons argued their cause upon the plea of patriotism, showing Hedwige how vastly thus her territory and her queenly power would be extended. Still she remained inexorable. The bishops plead the cause of religion. They urged that Jaghellon would renounce paganism, embrace Christianity, carry all his subjects with him, and thus hundreds of thousands of souls would be saved from everlasting destruction. Hedwige impatiently closed her ears against the annoying arguments, and remained inflexible in her resolve that she would marry no one but William. But bishops and barons, when ambition is aroused, are not easily diverted from their course. They declared that it was ridiculous to think that the aggrandizement of the church, and the interests of a majestic kingdom, should yield to the caprice of a love-sick girl.

While this severe conflict was agitating the court and the heart of the maiden queen, William, unconscious of the disappointment which threatened him, was on his journey to Cracow, accompanied by a very brilliant retinue, and bearing to his expectant bride the richest gifts of art which Europe then could fabricate. With dreams of bliss cheering his mind, he was hastening along his route, when one day he beheld before him a cloud of dust, and soon heard the clatter of hoofs, and suddenly found himself surrounded by the glittering spears and waving plumes of a squadron of horsemen. Resistance was in vain. He was a captive. The fierce warriors manifested unwonted clemency in refraining from promptly cutting down their foe. Probably somewhat influenced by reverence for their acknowledged queen, they simply escorted, but with the most determined speed and vigor, William and his retinue out of the kingdom, informing him that his return would be deemed a hostile measure which he would venture upon at his peril.

Hedwige, when informed of this, was in despair. Several months of anguish passed away, during which, queen as she was, she was permitted to receive no reliable intelligence from her lover. But there are no tears which time will not dry. She was incessantly surrounded by the importunities of her friends, and was alarmed by the menaces of those who could tear the crown from her brow, and lead her to the dungeon or the block. At last, exhausted with protracted resistance, and with her will enfeebled by almost a broken heart, she surrendered herself into the arms of the pagan Jaghellon, whom she so thoroughly detested. The successful suitor was immediately baptized with the Christian name of Ludislaus, and the vast Duchy of Lithuania became an integral part of the Kingdom of Poland.

We are not informed how protracted or how intense was the grief of William. But no one acquainted with the human heart can doubt that, for a time, he endured pangs more dreadful than that of death. He took up his residence in Vienna, and upon the death of his uncle Alfred, which soon ensued, succeeded to the government of the Austrian States on the Danube. He subsequently married a daughter of the king of Naples, but his saddened life was short, for he soon died, in September, 1406, but thirty years of age, and leaving no child to inherit his honors and his estates.

The fate of Hedwige became merged in that of her warlike husband, and in the turmoil of those stormy days, she, in the chambers of her palace, disappears from view. In her own bosom, perhaps, all her griefs were buried. No one has transmitted to us the record of her hours of sadness—of that strange conflict of the soul in which so many of the purest and noblest spirits of earth have found all life's hopes blighted.

Her son Uladislaus, inheriting much of the ferocious energy and the grasping ambition of his father, succeeded him upon the throne, and followed on in the war path which his father unceasingly trod. After wresting the crown of Hungary from his infant cousin, son of his mother's sister, he found a bloody death, being cut down on a battle-field by the cimetar of a Turk. Thus terminates the history of this one brief drama of the human heart. Four hundred years have passed away since Hedwige sank into the tomb. But there are probably not a few now, in all lands, who are by no means strangers to the same joys and the same griefs with which the life of Hedwige was cheered and saddened.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE:

A TALE, FROM THE SPANISH.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

"Once on a time," there flourished in Madrid
A painter, clever and the pet of Fame,
Don Jose—but the rest were better hid;
So please accept the simple Christian name—
Only to keep my verse from being prosy,
Pray mind your *Spanish*, and pronounce it, *Hozy!*

II.

Don *José*,—who, it seems, had lately won
Much praise and cash,—to crown a lucky week,
Resolved for once to have a little fun,
To ease him of his easel—so to speak—
And so, in honor of his limning labors,
He gave a party to his artist-neighbors.

III.

A strange affair; for not a woman came
To grace the table; e'en the painter's spouse,
Donna Casilda, a most worthy dame,
Was, rather roughly, told to quit the house,
And go and gossip, for the evening, down
Among her cousins in the lower town.

IV.

The lady went; but presently came back,
For mirth or mischief, with a jolly cousin,
And sought a closet, where an ample crack
Revealed the revellers, sitting, by the dozen,
Discussing wine and — Art?—No — "women-folks!"
In senseless satire and indecent jokes.

V.

"Women?," said *José*, "what do women know
Of poetry or painting?—(Hear him talk!
Whispered the list'ners.) When did woman show
A ray of genius in the higher walk
Of either? No; to *them* the gods impart
Arts—quite enough—but deuse a bit of Art!"

VI.

("Wretch!" cried the ladies.) "Yes," said *José*, "take
Away from women love-intrigues and all
The cheap disguises they are wont to make
To hide their spots,—they'd sing extremely small!"
(Fool! said his spouse,—we'll settle, bye-and-bye,
Who sings the smallest, villain!—you or I!)

VII.

To make the matter worse, the jovial guests
Were duly mindful not to be exceeded
In coarse allusions and unsavory jests,
But,—following *José*,—talked, of course, as *he* did;
I've been, myself, to many a bachelor-party,
And found them, mainly, less refined than hearty.

VIII.

The party over,—full of inward ire,
Casilda plotted, silently and long,
Some fitting vengeance. Women seldom tire
In their resentments, whether right or wrong:
In classic authors we are often warned
There's nought so savage as a "woman scorned."

IX.

Besides, *Casilda*, be it known, had much
Of what the French applaud—and not amiss—
As "*savoir-faire*;" (I do not know the Dutch,)
The literal Germans call it "*mutter-wiss*;"
The Yankees, "*gumption*," and the Grecians, "*nous*"—
A useful thing to have about the house.

X.

At length the lady hit upon a plan
Worthy of *Hermes* for its deep disguise;
She got a carpenter—a trusty man—
To make a door, and of a certain size,
With curious carvings, and heraldic bands—
And bade him wait her ladyship's commands.

XI.

Then falling sick,—as gentle ladies know
The ready art, unless romances lie,—
She groaned aloud, and bade Don *José* go,
And quickly, too,—or she should surely die,—
And fetch her nurse,—a woman who abode
Some three miles distant by the nearest road.

XII.

With many a frown and many a bitter curse
He heard the summons. "'Twas a pretty hour,"
He said,—"to go a-gadding for a nurse!
At twelve at night!—and in a drenching shower!
He'd never go—unless the devil sent—"
And then Don *José* took his hat and went!

XIII.

A long—long hour he paced the dirty street
Where dwelt the nurse, but couldn't find the place;
For he had lost the number; and his feet,
Though clad in leather, made a bootless chase;
He fain had questioned some one; all in vain—
The very thieves were fearful of the rain!

XIV.

Returning homeward from his weary tramp,
He reached his house—or where his house should be;
When, by the glimmer of the sentry-lamp,
Don *José* saw—and marvelled much to see—
An ancient, strange and most fantastic door
The like whereof he'd never seen before!

XV.

"Now, by our Lady!—this is mighty queer!"
Cried *José*—staring at the graven wood—
"I know my dwelling stands exactly here;
At least, I'm certain here is where it stood
Two hours ago, when (here he gave a curse)
Donna *Casilda* sent me for the nurse.

XVI.

I know the houses upon either side;
There stands the dwelling of the undertaker;
Here my good friend *Morena* lived and died;
And *here's* the shop of old *Trappal*, the baker;
And yet, as sure as iron isn't brass,
'*Tis not my door*, or I'm a precious ass!

XVII.

"However, I will knock;" and so he did,
And called, "*Casilda!*" loud enough to rouse
The very dullest watchman in Madrid;
But woke, instead, the porter of the house,
Who rudely asked him, Where he got his beer?
And bade him, "Go!—there's no *Casilda* here!"

XVIII.

Don *José* crossed himself in dire dismay
Lest he had lost his reason, or his sight;
At least 'twas certain he had lost his way;
And, hoping sleep might set the matter right,
He sought and found the dwelling of a friend
Who lived in town—quite at the other end.

XIX.

Next morning *José*, rising with the sun,
Returned, once more, to seek the missing house;
And there it stood, as it had always done,
And there stood also his indignant spouse
With half her city cousins at her back,
Waiting to put poor *José* on the rack.

XX.

"A charming husband, *you!*" the dame began,
"To leave your spouse in peril of her life,
For tavern revellers!—You're a pretty man,
Thus to desert your lawful, wedded wife,
And spend your nights—O, villain!—don't explain,
I'll be revenged if there is law in Spain!"

XXI.

"Nay, Madam, hear me!—just a single word—"
And then he told her of his fruitless search
To find the beldam; and of what occurred—
How his own house had left him in the lurch!
Here such a stream of scorn came pouring in,
Don *José's* voice was smothered in the din.

XXII.

"Nay," said *Casilda*, "*that* will never do;
Your own confession plainly puts you down!
Say you were tipsy (it were nothing new)
And spent the night carousing through the town
With other topers; *that* may be received;
But, faith! *your* tale will never be believed!"

XXIII.

Crazed with the clamor of the noisy crew
All singing chorus to the injured dame,
Say, what the deuse could poor Don *José* do?—
He prayed for pardon, and confessed his shame;
And gave no dinners, in his future life,
Without remembering to invite his wife!

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 93.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

My Dear Mr. Bonner—The several things that I want to say are not very intimately connected. What then? May not a string of beads be strung because each one is separate from the other? A dish of paragraphs is sometimes as good as a dish of nuts. Not that this particular dish is as well filled. But—here they are:

Some men fear the effect of camps and campaigns on the morals and habits of our young men. The result will much depend upon the strictness of military discipline. If the commanding officers are politicians, covetous of ease and honor which they have not won; if they think to gain favor with their men by laxity of discipline and unsoldierly indulgence, we may expect the worst results to follow a camp life.

But if the discipline is strict and thorough, the young men in our armies will receive an education invaluable. Order, promptness, obedience, intelligence and enterprise will result from a soldier's life. In France and England, setting aside some few, as there will always be, who return debauched, the mass who have been *good soldiers* in camp prove to be good citizens. They have had a training which makes them better than the average of workmen. They are sought for for places in which intelligence, order and fidelity are required. It will be so with us. Bad soldiers returning will be a pest. Good soldiers will come back good workmen, good citizens, good men!

We notice a fact very much to the credit of one of our New York regiments (1st Long Island Volunteers) that, on the payment of two months' wages, the men and officers sent back to their families, mostly through the hands of their chaplain, some thirteen thousand dollars. This is as it should be. The families of soldiers ought not to become a burden on the public. It demoralizes man, woman and child to be supported on charity. Sometimes it may be a dire necessity. But it is an evil so dangerous as not lightly to be tolerated, and never encouraged. In general, the soldiers can send enough home to furnish, in connection with their families' industry, a fair support. But very little money is needed in camp. The *necessaries* of life are more than abundantly provided. And of the luxuries that are allowable, there are very few on which to spend money. The sending back to their familes their pay makes better men and better soldiers of the men. It saves them from temptations and dissipation; it keeps alive their family affection, and gives them a vital connection with home and its social influences. Can a chaplain do more for his men with so little pains, than by encouraging and aiding them to send home their wages?

A TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Perhaps one of the most worthy charities with which our city abounds is that of picking up vagrant children from the streets, and transporting them to the healthful moral and natural atmosphere of the country. How many otherwise future inmates of our State Prisons, are thus educated into respectable and useful citizens, we will not undertake to compute. No one who has met these little shivering creatures, forced into the streets in winter, at midnight, to beg, often barefooted and bare-headed, in order more powerfully to excite the pity of the passers-by, can fail to rejoice whenever he sees a troop of these poor waifs led by some Samaritan hand away from such unnatural parents and destructive associations. It is an awful mystery which we often bewilder ourselves in vain to solve; that of two infants born at the same time, one to plenty and love and holy care, the other to vicious poverty, with its compulsory degradation and evil influences and associations, and with every path blocked up, strive as it may, to find the path to purity and Heaven. We can only rest our heart on Him who made them both, and who will judge both, *not as man judgeth*.

Fanny Fern.

WHICH SHALL WE CHOOSE?

Now that we are drawing nearer to France, would it not be well for us to copy some of their agreeable little customs? For example, if twenty Frenchmen reach the ticket-office of a railroad station at nearly the same moment, they immediately form a *queue*, or tail, (as we do at the post-office,) and each gets to the ticket-seller in his turn, without crowding, and without any kind of contention. This is the *civilized* way of managing such an affair. If twenty Englishmen are at the ticket-office together, they crowd and push and struggle like so many bears or bulls. This is the *barbarous and brutal* mode of doing it. Which should we adopt? As friends to civilization and good manners, we go for the French method.

◆

To believe a business impossible, is the way to make it so. How many feasible projects have miscarried through despondency, and been strangled in the birth by a cowardly imagination.

◆

—We present to our readers to-day another original production—"Our Country's Call"—from the pen of our country's great poet, William Cullen Bryant.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The woods are black behind and before—
The sunshine lieth asleep on th' floor,
And th' rose is just beginning
From th' bush at the window all red to start,
And I say as I look on it, that is my heart!
For out on th' grass by the open door
My little love sits spinning.

All in th' shade where th' sloe-berries grow
Lieth a water sluggish and low,
And th' lily is just beginning
To open her white leaves hour by hour—
I am the sullen pond, she is th' flower,
And my thoughts fall alway, pure as snow,
Where my little love sits spinning.

The woods are black as black can be,
But through them shimmer spots o' th' sea,
And the tide is just beginning—
There lieth a shell on th' sand apart,
And a wave is kissing her way to its heart,
And th' shell is I, and th' wave is she
That sits at the door-side spinning.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

What hears she?—a slight sound
The opening of the cell's dark door,—
Bright eyes—a word, and nothing more.
Quickly she gazed around,
Then, passionate, flung her hands on high,
And with a sharp, wild, rapturous cry,
Fell swooning to the ground.
MICHELL.

Eudora slept long and calmly, and awoke early on Tuesday morning, the last day of her allotted life. Thanks to the good physician's merciful ministrations, the frenzy of terror and the darkness of despair had alike vanished. Her nerves were wonderfully composed, and her mind perfectly clear.

"It is strange, Mrs. Barton," she said, as the wardress was assisting her to dress, "how well I am this morning, the very last day of my life. It seems to me, looking back on my past feelings, as if I had been very ill ever since my first arrest, and have only now recovered health and reason. And this is my last day, and I have made no preparations for death; but indeed I could not, and I see clearly now why I could not. First came the thunder-bolt of my arrest; then the anguish of suspense before the trial; then the blackness of despair after conviction; and then the frenzy of terror that followed the reading of the death-warrant! What could I do amidst all that various suffering? But it has all gone, now; the suspense, the despair, and the terror have all taken flight, like evil spirits, and left my mind in a sweet, clear, sunny, almost buoyant state, although I am to die to-morrow morning. I hope this is not unnatural; I hope I am in my senses; for it is a very strange experience."

"It is the goodness of God, and the skill of the doctor as His instrument, my poor, dear child. You are innocent and martyred, and so you are comforted by Heaven and earth," answered the wardress.

"I am not afraid to meet my Maker. I never was, even in the midst of my worst terrors. I have not got my peace to make with Heaven at this late hour, but I have much to do for those whom I shall leave behind, and I must set about it immediately."

"Dear saint, think of yourself; do not trouble your heart about any one else."

"Did Mr. Montrose call yesterday?"

"Yes, dear child, but you were then too ill to see any one. But I suppose he will come this morning, as usual."

"No, he will not. We agreed that, as he is permitted but one visit in the day, he should not come on this last day until the evening, so as to see me at as late a period as possible before my death. You see how calmly I can speak of that now, Mrs. Barton."

"Thank God, my dear, though it breaks my heart to hear you."

After her frugal breakfast, Eudora asked for pen, ink and paper, and sat down to write her last wishes, to be confided to Malcolm.

Meanwhile, the chaplain of the prison, who had been very ill with fever for the last week, arose from his sick-bed to administer the last consolations of religion to the condemned girl.

He found Eudora seated at the little table and engaged in writing.

She arose as he entered, and held out her hand, saying:

"I am glad you have come to see me again on this last day, Mr. Goodall—sit down."

"I should have come before if I had been able to stand upon my feet," replied the clergyman, earnestly, as he sank quite exhausted in the offered chair.

"I am sorry to see that you are still so ill," she said, looking with sympathy upon his haggard face.

"Is it credible that you can have room in your heart for any other sorrow than your own great one?" inquired the clergyman, looking up in compassion at the face of the speaker.

And then, for the first time, he noticed the perfect serenity and almost cheerfulness of her countenance.

She perceived his surprise, and answered both his looks and words by saying:

"I do not know how it is, but I cannot grieve for myself now. I seem changed since yesterday; all the evil spirits of despair and terror that have been tormenting me for so many weeks past have vanished, and left my soul in a 'peace that passeth understanding,' a 'sunshine of the breast,' that I cannot comprehend, but only receive in awe and gratitude."

As Mr. Goodall did not immediately answer, but only watched her in silent wonder, she continued:

"I feel as if I were on the eve of a journey, going home to my father and mother, and friends, and above all, to that Heavenly Father who knows my innocence of this imputed guilt, and in whose Divine Mercy I have never ceased to trust through the darkest days of my despair and terror!"

Mr. Goodall was reading her very soul, and, therefore, he would not reply as yet.

Suddenly she held her hand out to him, and said:

"Mr. Goodall, hitherto you have supposed that I only protested my innocence because I hoped, through such protestations, to be believed and saved. But now you must know that not a shadow of hope remains to me."

"I do know it," said the minister, earnestly.

"And, therefore, now that I have lost all hope of man's mercy, and know that I must certainly die to-morrow morning, you will believe me when I repeat, as I hope for God's mercy—I am guiltless of the crimes for which I am to suffer," said Eudora, solemnly.

"I *do* believe you; I am constrained to have faith in your innocence; dear Eudora, forgive me that I ever doubted you."

"There is nothing to forgive, since it was inevitable that you should at first think as all the world did; but there is much to be grateful for, now that you have confidence in me. And now that we understand each other, you can indeed give me much comfort," said Eudora, holding out her hand, which he took and held, while he said:

"I will attend you to the last, dear, unhappy girl."

"But you are ill, and must not fatigue yourself."

"I will be with you to the last," repeated the minister. "It will be time enough for me to rest when you are—in Heaven."

Meanwhile, what had become of Annella Wilder, since her daily visits to the prison had been prohibited, and her eccentric inroads into Malcolm Montrose's lodgings had ceased?

Annella, for the last few days, had restricted herself to the Anchorage and its immediate environs, where her burning cheeks and blazing eyes, and feverish manner, excited the serious alarm of her relatives.

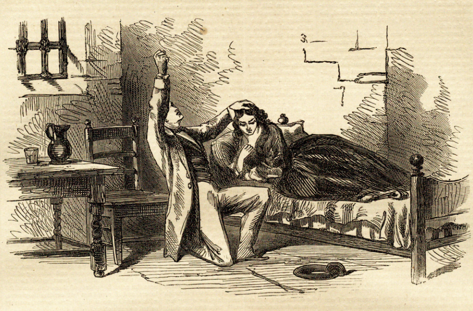
"That dear baby is going to be ill, and she she ought to be looked after," said Mrs. Stilton, who immediately ordered a foot-bath and certain herb-teas to be taken by the patient at night.

And with unusual docility Annella obeyed, saying to herself:

"I have need of a cool head, and would drink a pint of bitterest wormwood, and plunge my limbs into boiling water, if I thought that would take away the burning pain in my head that prevents me from thinking clearly."

And so she took—not her own desperate prescription, but the milder one of Grandmother Stilton. And she arose the next morning, looking like an expiring fire, and professing herself much better.

But on this last day no one took notice of Annella. All the inmates of the house seemed to be possessed of a sort of half-restrained frenzy, in view of the tragedy to be enacted the next morning—that dread tragedy, in which the life of a young girl was to be publicly offered up in expiation of an atrocious crime.



THE LAST INTERVIEW

They had all known Eudora, and even those who believed her guilty felt overshadowed and oppressed by the horror of her coming doom, now that it drew so near.

The two ancient dames—they were both so old that a trifling difference of eighteen years between the ages of the mother and daughter was of no sort of account—sat lovingly, side by side, in their easy-chairs, near the drawing-room chimney-corner, where, summer and winter, a little fire was always kept burning for cheerfulness.

"I have lived too long, Abby, my dear—I have lived too long, now that I see little girls as should be innocent as cherubs, and never come to no more harm than soiling their bibs, and getting smacked by their nurse, actually dipping their hands in human blood, and being hanged. Yes, Abby, my dear, I have lived clear away into an age of the world as I wasn't born and brought up in, and don't know nothing about. And if the good Lord hasn't forgot to send for me, I don't know the reason why I am left. And I think I had better go," said Mrs. Stilton, despondingly.

"Don't say that, mother. You are the head of the family, which I don't know what we would do without you. And I have been used to you all my life. And me and you have always been together ever since I can remember. Think o' the poor little haberdashery-shop as we kept when we was both left widdies!—and how you comforted me when that boy o' mine run away and went to sea; which little did we think he would ever rise to be an admiral and make our fortin', and make ladies of us, and never be ashamed of us 'ither! And since that we have always been so comfortable together! And s'pose now I was to see that chair o' your'n empty! Oh! whatever should I do! *Oh, hoo! hoo! hoo!* You'd never go and die and leave me an orphan after all these years at my time of life! *Oh, hoo! hoo! hoo!*" whimpered the old lady, in the piteous grief of age; for though the younger, she was in mind and body much the feebler of the two.

"There, there, there, now, Abby, my dear, don't cry. I didn't mean it. I won't die! I'll live to take care of you and your boy! Didn't I promise your dear father, on his death-bed, as I would bear up for the sake o' the child?—and haven't I beared up? Good Lord, yes! how many years! Years of t'iling and striving and struggling for life! And now, in these latter days, when rest and peace have come, is it likely as I will give up and die? No, Abby, my dear, not I! I think as the longer I've lived in this world the better I like it, that I do! Only I was upset this morning along of thinking about that poor dear baby. There, then, don't cry, Abby! I'm sure if you want me to do it, I'd just as leif keep on living all the time as not. I'm sure I don't see what's to hinder me. I'm noways ill, thank God, nor yet dissatisfied with this world. There's many a dark, stormy day as has cleared off just at sunset. And that has been the way of our day of life, Abby, my dear, and now I don't care if our clear, pleasant twilight lasts forever. I know heaven is a better land; but then I was always humble-minded, and easy satisfied, and so I'm contented with this earth, and don't long for no better till the Lord pleases. Leastways, Abby, I won't die till you are ready to go along with me."

While the old ladies talked in this childish, affectionate way, the admiral walked up and down the lawn in front of the house, with his hands clasped behind him in troubled thought. He, too, was overshadowed by the "coming event." He had no glance even for the fair Princess Pezzilini, who, calm, placid, and elegant, occupied her usual morning seat in the bay-window, where she employed herself with some graceful fancy-work, while Master Valerius Brightwell sat upon a footstool at her feet, reading aloud for her amusement, and occasionally glancing up at her with all a boy's shy admiration of a beautiful woman.

Annella had not been seen since breakfast-time. But when the family assembled for luncheon at two o'clock, she was called, and appeared with cheeks again so deeply flushed, and eyes so bright and restless, that Mrs. Stilton exclaimed:

"That child is on the very verge of brain-fever!"

And she not only ordered her off to bed, but went herself to see her order obeyed.

Annella made no resistance; but as soon as her head was on the pillow, and a brown paper, wet with vinegar, was laid upon her brow, she said:

"Now, grandmamma, all I want is to be let to go to sleep, and if Madame Pezzilini will be kind enough to let Tabitha come and sit by me, I shall do very well."

"But why Tabitha? Why not your own woman?" inquired the old lady.

"Because I *hate* my own woman, and I love Tabitha—and—it will make my head ache to talk more about it."

"Well, well, my baby, it shall be just as you please," said the indulgent old dame, shutting the door softly, and retiring.

A few moments passed, and then the door was as softly opened, and Tabitha, stepping lightly, entered. She first went noiselessly to the windows, and made them quite dark by closing the storm-shutters, and then stole silently to the side of the bed to see if Annella slept.

"I am awake, dear Tabitha; though I wish very much to sleep and recruit myself for a few hours if I can. What o'clock is it?"

"Half-past two, Miss Wilder."

"Very well; dip a towel in that iced vinegar and lay it on my head, and let me sleep, if possible, until five o'clock. Then, Tabitha, wake me."

"Wouldn't it be better as I should let you sleep your sleep out, miss?"

"No; if you love Eudora Leaton, wake me at five o'clock."

"Oh, miss, don't speak of her now! It almost drives me crazy."

"Hush! She shall be saved if you will wake me at five o'clock. In the meantime I *must* lie quiet and sleep if I can, or I shall go mad!"

"But is there—is there a chance of saving her? Oh, miss! if I thought there was I would be a'most willing to lay down my life for it."

"There is a chance—I cannot explain now. I can do nothing before five o'clock. Until then I *must* try to compose myself! Tabitha, *will* you obey me?"

"Yes, yes, miss, surely, I am afraid she is going out of her senses," added the girl, *sotto voce*, as she wetted the napkin in iced vinegar, and laid it upon Annella's burning head, and then silently took her seat beside the bed.

Annella closed her eyes, and lay still as death, but whether she slept or not, Tabitha had no means of ascertaining in that darkened chamber.

Hour after hour passed, and Tabitha was on the point of dropping asleep herself, when the striking of the little golden-toned ormulu clock on the mantel-piece aroused her.

"It is five o'clock, Miss Annella," she said, softly, bending over the quiet girl.

"Then go and bring me my tea, and say that I am better, but shall not come down this afternoon, and that I do not wish to be disturbed this evening. And listen, Tabitha, say not a word of what passed between us before I composed myself to sleep," murmured Annella, without changing her position or even opening her eyes. She seemed as one hoarding every atom of her strength for one final effort.

"No, miss; I sha'n't say nothing at all of what has passed between us, at least not yet," answered Tabitha, leaving the room to obey.

In due time she reappeared with the tray, upon which was neatly arranged Annella's little chamber tea-service.

The girl arose, bathed her face and head, arranged her hair and dress, and then drank her tea. After which, she called Tabitha to her side, and said:

"I am sure you love Miss Leaton——"

"Yes, that I do! I would lay down my life for her," said Tabitha, beginning to sob.

"In that case you would not betray anyone who tried to serve her, to comfort her, or even to rescue her?"

"I'd bite my tongue off first! Sure I have proved as much!"

"Yes. I always believed that you knew more than you chose to tell of her first escape from Allworth Abbey. Well, Tabitha, listen now. I have an order to visit Eudora to take a final farewell of her this evening. I have, also, in my own mind, a plan for rescuing her even at this late hour——"

"Lord, Miss Annella! whatever can that be, and could you ever carry it through—and wouldn't the law punish you if you did?" inqired Tabitha, earnestly.

"I cannot tell you; it is enough for you to know that I shall go to visit her this evening, but my visit to the prison must not be known—my absence from this house must not even be suspected, lest it lead to discovery; therefore, Tabitha, you must let me out the back way; and you must remain in this room, and if anybody comes to inquire after me, put them off with some excuse; and at night go out and lock the door after you, so that no one can get into the room and miss me. And when you come up again, bring a basin of gruel as if I had need of it. Ask leave to sleep in my room to take care of me to-night; but on no account let any one else come in. You understand this, Tabitha?"

"Every word of it, Miss Annella."

"Well, now hear my last words of all. After the family have all retired, and the house is quiet, and everybody is asleep, steal out of this room, lock the door behind you, and bring away the key, and creep down stairs and out of the house, and watch for me at the lower park gate. Can you do this?"

"Surely, Miss Annella."

"But you look frightened already."

"It is enough to frighten one, but I'll do it."

"And now, what are they all about down stairs?"

"The family are all gathered around the grand piano, listening to Madame Pezzilini playing and singing—Heaven help them! and the servants are all at dinner in the servants' hall."

"That is well! It is the very hour for me to steal out of the house unobserved. Lock the door and come with me, Tabitha."

They left the room, glided down the back stairs, and out at the back door.

Annella flew across the lawn, through the park, out upon the downs, and into the high road. She ran along a little way, and then struck into a by-path leading through a narrow, wooded valley, or "coombe," lying between two rolling uplands of the downs, and leading towards Abbeytown. As soon as she found herself out of the reach of discovery and pursuit, and safely hidden in this thicket, she sat down to recover her breath and to still the violent throbbing of her heart.

Surely if Tabitha Tabs had noticed the signs of excitement and almost of insanity in the expression of Annella's face, she had not consented to her leaving the house. But the darkness of the bed-chamber and of the narrow back staircase had obscured the woman's vision, and the assumed calmness and self-restrained manner of Annella had disarmed her caution.

But any rambler passing that way, and seeing Annella as she sat with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and restless, frenzied manner, would have felt justified in taking her in charge upon his own responsibility, and delivering her up to her friends as a wandering maniac.

But withal Annella had as yet a strange, self-regulating power, that enabled her to control these frequently-recurring fits of excitement.

She sat quietly in the cool shadows of the wood until its spirit had entered into her soul, and for the time, at least, calmed its fever.

Then she arose and took her way towards the prison.

With the order in her pocket, she was at once admitted.

"Has Mr. Montrose been here to-day?" was the first question she put to the turnkey, who conducted her.

"No, he is not to come until six o'clock," answered the man.

"Very well; go on."

She was admitted to the cell, where she found Eudora sitting by the little table engaged in reading the Scriptures. At her feet was coiled up her little dog, and on the table was laid a folded paper. Upon seeing the visitor, she put her hand out, and taking that of Annella, drew her up to her side and kissed her, saying:

"I thank you for coming to see me once more, dear girl. I am not afraid, now, Annella! Every dark cloud has passed from my spirit, and I feel strangely well. And now I begin to understand how it was that Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn, and so many other young and timorous women, were enabled to meet unmerited death with so much fortitude. I think that strength comes at the very last by the gift of God." And so saying, Eudora moved and seated herself on the side of the bed to yield the only chair to her visitor.

Annella did not trust her tongue to speak. She sat down with her back to the light, that Eudora might not see the disturbance of her face.

So there fell silence in the cell for a few moments, and then Eudora arose and approached the table, took up the pocket Bible, and wrote a few lines on the flyleaf. Then laying it upon the lap of her visitor, she said:

"You will keep it for my sake, dear?"

Annella's hand closed over the book, but she made no reply.

The dead silence of the young girl surprised and troubled Eudora, who perceived in it a sympathy too deep and painful for words.

At length the striking of a distant clock was faintly heard. As the last stroke of six died away, Annella started up, threw her arms around Eudora, strained her to her bosom, pressed a kiss upon her forehead, murmured, in a fainting voice:

"Mr. Montrose will be here in a moment; I will not stay to disturb your interview. Good-bye—good-bye!" and hurried from the cell.

Even this failed to disturb the almost supernatural calmness of Eudora, and saying merely: "I will rest now," she lay down upon the outside of the cot.

Mrs. Barton occupied her usual seat in the corner of the cell.

A few moments passed, and then steps were heard approaching. The door was opened, and Malcolm Montrose, ushered in by the governor, who immediately retreated, entered the cell. Malcolm's face was fearfully pale, and bore all the signs of extreme mental anguish. It was evident that he put a severe restraint upon himself, and exhibited a merely external fortitude that might at any moment give way.

She, too, though now so calm, was so wasted, wan, and deadly fair, that she seemed more like a spirit of the air than a maiden of mortal mould.

As she approached, she held out one thin, blue, pale, transparent hand, and taking his, drew him towards her.

They looked into each other's faces intently for a moment with unspeakable love and grief, and then his fortitude utterly failed him, and he dropped upon his knees by her side, buried his face in his hands, and bursting into sobs, wept such bitter tears as are only pressed, like drops of life-blood, from the mighty heart of man by the extremity of anguish.

A spasm of agony passed over Eudora's still face. She who had ceased to feel for herself suffered acutely for him. With a supreme effort she controlled her rising emotions, and but for the fluttering of the muscles in her transparent throat, and the quivering of her blue lips, she seemed calm as before.

She put her arm around his bowed head, drew it upon her bosom, and held it gently there while she murmured:

"Dear Malcolm, this wrings your heart cruelly, I know. You could endure it with fortitude if it were yourself instead of me. It is for my fate alone that you grieve; and your grief is the only thing that troubles me. But do not weep so bitterly; remember that in a few short hours all my earthly troubles will be over. And if it is the manner of my death that appals you, remember that hundreds as young, as delicate, and as innocent as your Eudora, have endured as dark a doom. And think that I have strength given me to meet my fate, and reflect that by this hour to-morrow it will be all the same to Eudora's emancipated spirit as if she had died in a bed of purple and fine linen, with ministering friends around her. And now look up, dear friend. We have but an hour to pass together, and I wish you to try to calm yourself and listen to me, for there are some things that I want to commission you to do."

While Eudora was speaking, the sobs that burst from Malcolm's agonized bosom shook his whole frame. But with an almost superhuman effort he subdued the storm of anguish, and forced himself to be calm.

Then, still kneeling by her side, he took her wasted hand in his own, gazed with unutterable love in her spirit-like face, and listened with reverential tenderness to her last words.

With her hands still clasped in his, and her eyes dwelling upon his with unutterable love and faith, she spoke:

"Dear Malcolm, when you were here the other day I requested you to promise me that you would mingle with the crowd to-morrow, and place yourself near the—the scene of my death, so that at the very last I might look upon the face of a friend. Do you remember?"

"Yes, dearest Eudora; and I will keep my promise—ay, if it drives reason from its throne—as it is sure to do," he added, mentally.

"But I release you from that promise, Malcolm. It should never have been asked or given; the trial is too great for human nature to bear; a woman, even a fragile girl, has strength given her to endure that which it would kill or craze the man who loves her to witness, therefore you must not see me die."

"But, dear Eudora——"

"Now, hear me out before you interrupt me. I have released you from *that* promise, but there is another which I wish you to make me—only one, dear Malcolm; for though there are several requests that I wish to make of you, there is but one promise by which I mean to bind your faith."

"And what is that, dear Eudora?"

"I wish you to promise me, on your honor as a gentleman, and your faith as a Christian, to obey the one single command that I shall give you."

"I promise, dear Eudora."

"Then, my order is this: that you take the six o'clock train for London to-morrow morning, so as to be far from the scene that must be enacted here. I have your promise. I have given you the order, and you are pledged to obey it whether you like or not."

"I am pledged," groaned Montrose, dropping his face in his hands.

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then she spoke:

"And now, dear Malcolm, for the requests that I have to make of you, and that I feel sure you will grant without a promise."

"Be sure that all your requests are at this moment as sacred to me as the laws of God."

"Heaven bless you, dear Malcolm."

"What is it you wish me to do, Eudora?"

"To carry out a plan which I would accomplish if I might be permitted to live."

She paused for a moment, as if uncertain how to open her communication, and then at length said:

"I was the heiress of Allworth, Malcolm, and after me you are the sole heir. You will be very wealthy, Malcolm, for I am told that the forfeiture will not be enforced——"

"Oh, Eudora! can you think of these things at this moment?"

"Yes; I can think of everything that requires to be thought of. Pray let me proceed. You will have abundant means of doing good. For my sake I wish you to be a Providence to that poor widow with whom I lodged in the Borough, and her thirteen children—what a family! and she was willing to have made it fourteen, and even fifteen, by keeping the captain's orphan daughter, and myself also, if there had been any need. Hers is a terrible struggle with the world to win daily bread for all those ravenous young mouths; and well and bravely does she maintain it! Now, dear Malcolm, as I firmly believe that there is not a woman in this world more worthy of assistance, I wish you to give her no merely transient help, but such permanent aid as shall establish herself and children in comfortable independence for life. I heard her say the house she occupies was for sale. Buy it, and give it to her; renew the furniture and stock the shop. It will take but a few hundred pounds that you will never miss—but to her and her children what a fortune it will be!"

"If it took thousands, Eudora, it should be done, and not only because they would be well bestowed, but because you desire it."

"I know it. Well, when you have made her comfortable in the way I have indicated, next find out what trades or professions she would like her sons and daughters to follow, and pay the fees to apprentice them. That will provide for all their future lives, and relieve the good mother from a great burden of care."

"It shall be done, Eudora, and in your own dear name, so that for years after you have become an angel in heaven, the widow and her children shal bless your memory."

"Ah, well, I feel the need that some one should bless me."

"Many will do so, dear saint! And now what more shall I do?"

"Not much; only, when I am gone, do not let my little dog perish. Mrs. Barton will keep her for a few days, until you can call and fetch her."

"Dear girl, be sure that there will be few things in this world so precious to me as the little creature that you loved. And now what else? Speak all your wishes; tell me all that I can do for you, for to obey all your commands will be the only course to save me from madness—the only purpose for which I shall bear to live—except one! yes, except one!"

"There is nothing else whatever, dear friend."

"Nothing else? You ask nothing for yourself—nothing for your own memory! Even at this supreme hour your thoughts are all for the good of others. Yet, dear saint, though in your sweet resignation you have not asked it, here I make you one solemn promise, one binding oath, one sacred vow! Here, with my hand upon your martyred head—here speaking to your innocent heart—here in the sight of the all-seeing God—I pledge my whole life, fortune, and honor to the one sacred purpose of discovering the real criminal, redeeming your memory from all reproach, and establishing your innocence beyond all question!" said Malcolm, solemnly sealing his vow by pressing a kiss upon her forehead.

"Thanks, thanks for this devotion, dearest friend. And now bid me a gentle good-night and go."

"So soon—has it come?" aspirated the young man, as all the blood in his veins seemed to turn back in its course, and roll in with annihilating force upon his heart. "Must I leave you?"

"It is my own tongue that bids you go, dear Malcolm. Go while we still have some self-command left; go, and leave me to God!"

At this very moment also a warder appeared at the cell door. He did not speak, but the mere event of his appearance there announced that the moment of separation had arrived. She raised him and threw herself upon his bosom. He strained her to his heart in the unutterable agony of a last embrace. A moment thus, and then her arms relaxed, and she sank back fainting upon her pillow.

Malcolm, blinded, giddy, and stunned by despair, reeled from the cell.

The lobby, lighted only here and there at long intervals by lamps in high sconces, was very dusky. As he rushed along its gloom, he suddenly felt his wrist caught by a thin, fiery hand, that seemed to scorch into his flesh, while a fierce, hot whisper pierced his ear, saying:

"*Be on the watch to-night at the appointed place!*"

The burning, wiry grip, the eager, stinging tones were those of Annella Wilder. But before he could reply to her words, almost, indeed, before he had recognized her, she had vanished.

And the next minute he was joined by the warder, who had only lingered behind to lock the door, and who now attended him down the stairs and saw him fairly outside the prison walls.

He heard the great gate close with a loud clang, the key turn, the bolts shove into their grooves, the bars fall into their places, and he knew that the prison was closed up for the night.

But where was Annella?

He looked up and down the highway and all around, in expectation of seeing that strange creature, whom he supposed must have left the building before he did, and with whom, as the despairing and the frenzied snatch at the faintest shadows of hope, he wished to confer. But he looked in vain; she was nowhere visible.

He well understood the meaning that her words were intended to convey. But were they not the words of madness? Who could tell?

"Be on the watch to-night at the appointed time," she had said.

Be on the watch? Aye, that he surely would, without the need of warning; for could *he* go home and go to rest upon this last bitter night? Ah, no! The only thing that he could bring himself to do was to pace up and down the road beneath the prison walls, praying for her—praying for himself—until the dawn of the fatal day should compel him to keep his promise to Eudora, and throw himself into the first morning train, to fly from the scene of her martyrdom.

But with the constant echo of Annella's last words in his ear came the memory of the promise he had made her—an insane promise, but otherwise harmless and certainly binding. A part of it he had already kept.

There was a small vessel anchored in a quiet cove, five miles from Abbeytown, and a boat chained at the beach. There was his fast horse, Fleetfoot, in the stables of the Leaton Arms. There was not one chance in a billion, not the shadow of a hope, not the faintest indication of a possibility that any of these preparations would be of the least use; yet he had madly promised to complete them, and he must keep his promise. Still half stunned, blind, and dizzy with despair, he went on to the town, got his horse from the stables, rode slowly through the woods until it was quite dark, then tied Fleetfoot in the thicket behind the prison, and went round and resumed his walk and watch before the front gates.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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A CUNNING FINANCIER.

It is reported of Scaramouch, the famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them; when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it "*Tabac de mille fleurs*," or "Snuff of a thousand flowers." The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

◆

"WHAT'S THE TIME?"

Reader, did you ever, after asking this question, notice the different style in which it would be answered, according as the person interrogated had a gold watch or a silver watch? It is a rare chance to learn a lesson in human nature. In the one case, your friend turns around till his back is nearly squared towards you, and drawing out his "pinchbeck" barely to the edge of the fob, steals a quick, furtive glance at the dial, then hurries back the article like lightning into its receptacle; in the other he draws out his splendid, full-jewelled repeater slowly and deliberately, with great pomposity and flourish, and extending it at arm's length between his two hands, gives you the desired information, and one of his blandest smiles in addition.

THE BOY VOLUNTEER.

AN EPISODE OF BUENA VISTA.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

While, on the 23rd of February, 1847, our little army of volunteers was contesting the battle field of Buena Vista, inch by inch, with the hosts of the Mexican chivalry, the wagons and mules of the trains were parked near the Rancho, and between it and Saltillo. The spot was not far from the excavations used by the medical staff in the performance of their sanguinary duties. The teamsters were included among the non-combatants; but, as the battle progressed, these men forgot in the excitement of the occasion their more immediate charge, and arming themselves with such weapons as came to hand, deserted their teams, and joined their countrymen in the fight.

Among the wagons was a young lad of scarcely seventeen years, who attracted our attention by his excited manner and loud exclamations. He stood upon the top of a loaded wagon, swinging rapidly over his head an old broad-brimmed "campeachy hat," and cheering most energetically each time our brave fellows received and repulsed a charge of the enemy's lancers.

At length the lad was heard to shout to his companions:

"I say, boys, hang the orders! I can't stay here any longer, when fighting men are so much needed yonder!"

And so saying, he descended from his elevated position, and disappeared among the train. After a few moments, however, he again emerged to view, and ran at the top of his speed toward the point where our left wing was in vain endeavoring to drive back the advance of the enemy, as the united columns of Pacheco and Lombardini were gallantly cutting their way to the rear of our position. This was near the foot of the eastern mountains, and it was one of the critical periods of that memorable day.

As the lad passed the spot where we were engaged with the wounded, I perceived that he was completely armed, having, besides a backwoods rifle, two six-shooting revolvers and a heavy Mississippi bowie attached to his leathern belt.

He had thrown aside his jacket, and now, with "hickory trowers" and dark-blue flannel shirt, and his broad-brimmed, unsoldier-like sombrero, became a conspicuous object on the field. As the boy hastened past us, I was struck by the remarkable beauty of his person.

Away he flew toward the extremity of our line, and was soon lost to view in the sulphury vapors which were rapidly enveloping that portion of the field.

Soon after the disappearance of the lad, I was ordered into the saddle and to the extreme left, where the enemy was making sad havoc in our ranks.

The dead and wounded were strewing the ground, and filling up the ravines; and I hastened to the spot to give directions in relation to the latter, who were to be conveyed to the comparatively sheltered quarry pits in the rear. While engaged in this duty, I again caught sight of my handsome boy. He had not fallen into the line, but was some distance to the left, upon the side of the mountain, intently occupied in "fighting on his own hook." He had chosen an isolated position upon the edge of a ravine, where, partially protected by the angle of a rock, he was busily picking off the officers of the enemy, as they gallantly led their forces through the tortuous defile. With the rapidity of an experienced marksman he fired and recharged his rifle. But so absorbingly engaged was the fearless youth, he seemed forgetful of the dangers that surrounded him. Soon his escape would be hopeless. Seeing his imminent danger, I spurred my horse as near to him as the broken nature of the ground would permit, and in the partial lull of the fierce noises of the battle shouted to him to fly from the fatal spot, and fall into the line before the advancing hosts should cut off his retreat.

He heard my voice, and looking down to where I had halted, replied:

"Yes, sir, I am coming! But I must first have a crack at that tall, gold-laced Mexican yonder!"

And so saying, he raised his rifle to his cheek, and deliberately drawing a "fine sight" upon a Mexican colonel, leading his column up the ascent, fired. I watched the effect of the shot, and saw the brave officer tumble headlong from his horse, beneath the feet of the advancing ranks.

My own situation was now becoming critical, and in another moment, had I not hastily withdrawn, I should have been thrown between the fires of the two contending columns. I now lost sight of the boy, for whom I felt an increasing interest, and therefore determined not to leave that portion of the field altogether till I had ascertained his fate.

The result of that advance of the enemy is well known. Our little force of volunteer infantry was borne down by the headlong rush of the Mexican masses, for they were thousands opposed to scores of our gallant fellows; and in almost less time than it would take to describe the movement, they had gained our rear; and like an overcharged winter torrent, were flooding the plain, and pouring impetuously into the gorges between us and Saltillo. And as well is it known how, on the return to the field, after a temporary absence, of the brave "ROUGH AND READY," the tide was turned, by the magnetic influence of his calm presence, and the enemy driven from his vantage ground.

My position was still upon the plateau—for such was the nature of the desperate struggle that I could not return to the rear; and as our re-assured and re-enforced squadrons pushed the Mexicans before them, toward the ravines through which they had flooded the plain, I cast anxious eyes upon the spot where I had last seen my flaxen-haired young hero at his work of "sharp practice." I had little doubt, however, that he had been already numbered with the dead that strewed the ground.

Near the margin of the ravines a hand to hand struggle yet continued; but the bright uniforms of the Mexicans were rapidly disappearing beneath the cliffs, while our enfilading batteries were hurling death and dismay into the pent-up masses below.

At the base of the mountains our sharpshooters, who had for some time occupied an isolated position among the rocks, were now moving down to rejoin their victorious friends; and as they advanced they revenged themselves amply upon the foe, that had so recently cut them off from support.

While my attention was attracted to this advance of the riflemen, a movement between them and the combatants on the edge of the ravines, caused me to turn my eyes toward that point. This was a little distance to the rear of the spot where I had last witnessed the gallant conduct of my broad-brimmed hero. A low pile of broken rocks, which had been tumbled down the side of the mountain, was surrounded by numbers of the enemy, who threw themselves upon some object that had taken shelter there. They were mostly dismounted *lanceros*, and as they pressed about the spot, I heard the rapid report of revolvers, and knew at once that some of our people were beset by that crowd.

As I approached the spot nearer, I could perceive that there was but one individual. He held the cowardly lancers at bay, and every discharge of his revolver was signalled by the fall of one or more of their number. Shot followed shot, till at length the crowd that surrounded the spot was partially scattered; and then through the openings my eyes were gladdened, once more, by the sight of my hero. There stood the noble youth, alone, in that place, with at least a score of fierce demons still about him. Strangers themselves to generous sentiments, these cowardly beings could not appreciate the lofty courage he displayed, but each was thirsting for the life blood of the young American.

As yet the boy appeared unhurt; but when his last shot should have been expended, I looked to see him fall, transfixed by a dozen lances. Yet, as if himself aware of the value of his remaining shots, the lad had drawn his heavy knife, and I could see by the glancing of the polished blade that he was using it to effect. He stood with his back covered by a high rock, so that, though the dastard crowd completely sourrounded the pile, he was exposed to their attacks only in front. I could not go to the aid of the noble fellow, for between us were still the contending squadrons—the Mexicans still disputing the ground inch by inch, as they sullenly retired to the gorges.

While I looked with trembling anxiety for the lad, so fearfully beset, I perceived that others had joined their countrymen against him. But having already discharged their pieces and thrown them away in the flight, they also were reduced to their sabres and lances. These now charging against the brave boy, received the last reserved rounds of his revolver—and then bore him to the ground beneath the points of their weapons.

But at that critical moment there appeared other actors upon the scene.

The exultant yells of the cowardly lancers, as the American fell beneath their thrusts, attracted the attention of some of the ministering angels, occupied in the mission of love and mercy within the ravines—for to the glory of WOMAN let it be recorded, that even amid the horrors of that sanguinary struggle, where winged death hurtled thickly through the sulphurous air, SHE, forgetful of all save the pangs of her dying brother, moved fearlessly amid friends and foes.

As I gazed through the springing tears, upon the spot where I had seen the youth so nobly fall, there emerged from the defile two of these ministering spirits, who forced their way through the cowardly crew, and rescuing the dying boy from their murderous hands, bore him carefully between them to the ravine. I was sure it was none other than the brave boy, for his light, golden tresses were lifted by the wind, and I caught a momentary glimpse of his blue shirt, dabbled with gory stains.

The fight was over, and the field was ours. Our little army had returned to Saltillo. The dead had been buried beneath the scanty soil of Buena Vista, and the wounded carefully and kindly looked after; and after a few days everything again went on as quietly as if nothing out of the usual routine had occurred.

In vain I sought, first over the field, and then through the city, for a trace of the handsome youth, in whose fate I had become so deeply interested during the battle. At length weeks went by, and still his fate remained involved in obscurity. I had, however, learned that he was a western boy, who had accompanied one of the Indiana regiments, but who, on account of his youth, had been ordered to remain with the train during the fight—I had also learned his name; but beyond these facts, I remained in ignorance.

One day, as I was passing along the narrow foot walk of the principal street of Saltillo, that leading up the ascent toward Buena Vista, and occupied by those of the more respectable citizens, who had remained, I was attracted to one of the wide, unglazed windows which opened upon it, by the sound of a guitar, struck by skillful fingers. This of itself was no extraordinary sound among the Mexicans; but accompanied as it was in this instance, with one of the sweetest female voices I ever heard, I involuntarily checked my walk, and dropping behind the angle of the window, drank in with my ears, the exquisite melody. It was a passionate love song, and the gentle musician threw into her voice all the deep pathos of a loving heart.

I listened to the exquisite performance with rapture, and recognized in the masterly rendering of the poet's idea, a Spanish ballad, which was quite familiar to me, but which I had never heard sung with such effect before.

As the song was ended, and I heard the instrument thrown aside, I was about to continue my walk. But as I turned to go, my attention was again arrested by a voice, which I immediately knew to be that of a fellow-countryman—for the words were made up of broken Spanish, mingled with English, and with an accent purely American.

"Oh! *mio querido cartoti cantarma*, that beautiful song once more! *uno rez mas!*" (only once more!)

Again the instrument was resumed, and once more that seraphic voice blended its melody with the bell like notes of the guitar.

As the song progressed, I involuntarily approached the front of the window, and turned my gaze upon the interior. The thin gauze curtains were drawn partially aside, and the evening breeze stealing through the iron jalousies, occasionally lifted them wider. It was a lofty room, upon the rich mosaic floor of which, and along the corniced walls, were arranged articles of furniture of the most elaborate workmanship; while costly pictures were suspended above them. The whole appearance of the apartment bespoke the proprietor not only a person of wealth, but of refined taste. Seated upon a low ottoman, in front of a couch, a fair young girl, with face half averted, was singing the sweet song I had been listening to so absorbingly. At first I could look upon nothing but the ravishing beauty of that earnest face, as her loving soul floated through her parted lips, on the wings of heavenly music, and it was some moments before I noticed that the couch near by was occupied. But as the last notes of that sweet love song died away, and the young girl again laid aside the instrument, she moved toward the bed, and re-arranging its light drapery, addressed its occupant in soft, musical Castilian—that language above all others so adapted to convey earnest and loving thoughts.

"Now mi Chepito, I will leave you for a little while, that you may take your needed siesta; for you know, I have kept you awake with my songs and nonsense, more than two hours—*Adios mi amigo!*"

"No—no! Carlota, do not go yet!" exclaimed the voice I had before recognized as that of a countryman's—do not leave me so soon!"

But repeating her *adios*, the girl, flinging a kiss toward him from the tips of her rosy fingers, glided laughingly out of the room.

The invalid turned himself painfully upon his side, and raising his head, seemed to be following with his eyes her retreating form. As he did so, there fell over the edge of the snowy pillow a mass of golden ringlets, the sight of which startled me into an audible expression of surprise, for I was sure those were the same glorious locks I had witnessed flowing like a banner upon the bloody field of Buena Vista, and the invalid youth before me none other than my gallant Indianian, the handsome boy whom I had seen those brave, generous Mexican women bear away bleeding from the edge of the battle-field.

I approached my face nearer to the barred window, and called his name, "*Joseph!*"

There was a sudden motion of the head, which was now partially raised from the pillow, as in the attitude of listening.

"*Joseph!*" I repeated.

"Who calls?" demanded the youth. "Are you an American?" and turning his face toward the window with an effort evidently attended with pain, he seemed at once to recognize me.

"Ah, Doctor, is that *you?* Do come in, sir; I am indeed glad to see you, for I remember you well, and the last time I saw you, out yonder," and he motioned his head toward the direction of the battle-field. "Please come in, sir," and the next moment I stood by his bedside, and clasped his hand in mine.

He had been desperately wounded, having received no less than nine lance and sabre thrusts, in various parts of his body! But thanks to those heroic women who had so generously rescued him from his cowardly foes, he was now rapidly recovering from their effects.

His story was told in a few words.

He had been borne insensible from the field, and on recovering found himself surrounded by a group of kind and anxious faces, beneath the roof where I had found him, and where he had been nursed with unfailing kindness through all his slow and painful recovery. All that maternal and sisterly solicitude could render had been his, and to this more than generous family, he said, he owed more than life—the gratitude and services of that life.

During my subsequent visits to my young friend, I became acquainted with this excellent and hospitable family, which was that of the brave Mexican General Ortega, then absent with the army, which had fallen back upon San Luis de Potosi.

The beautiful Carlota, to whose charming voice I acknowledged myself indebted for the discovery of *Chepito*, as she affectionately persisted in calling the handsome American, I soon perceived had irrevocably lost her heart while singing love-songs to beguile the hours of his recovery, and he, like a grateful patient, had yielded his own to the care and keeping of his gentle nurse. It did my heart good to witness the calm happiness of these two beautiful lovers, and I could not but confess they were, with their brave and guileless hearts, entirely suited to each other.

In a few months the wounded youth had recovered sufficiently to take his discharge, and return to his friends in the United States, where he remained only till the termination of the war, when he returned to Saltillo and his faithful Carlota.

For several years the young man was one of my most punctual and frequent correspondents. He informed me that Carlota had become his bride, and then, through the influence of his gallant father-in-law, he had been appointed on the staff of the general-in-chief, from which rank he had been promoted step by step, till, when he last wrote to me, he had won the brevet of a brigadier. And now that brave General JOSE HARRIS, who recently, with the army of the Liberals, has signalized his name, and won the respect of all parties in Mexico by his military skill and gallantry, is none other than my golden-haired, blue-shirted and broad-brimmed hero of Buena Vista.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

To do the office of a neighbor,
And be a gossip at his labor. BUTLER.

At the period of which we are writing, the works published for the use of childhood were eminently suited to the childish mind. Science had not borrowed the mask of romance, neither had the *ologies* been pressed into the service of reading "made easy," as we see them at the present day. The "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Blue Beard" were looked upon as standard books—rather grave reading than otherwise. Few boys under twelve or thirteen could be found who did not believe implicitly in the adventures of St. George and the Dragon, and regard the horrors of the Blue Chamber as an article of faith.

Peter Flatman was exceedingly well versed in this species of literature, and frequently regretted that he had never been carried off by a roc, like Sinbad the Sailor, or cast upon a desert island, to build himself a hut, shoot cannibals, and save the life of a man Friday, *à la* Robinson Crusoe.

His youthful head being filled with these and similar ideas, no wonder that he thirsted for adventure, and the opportunity of distinguishing himself. Hitherto his prowess had been limited to the heading of a foray against the market gardens, conducting his companions to battle with the boys of the charity school, or climbing over the roofs of the adjoining houses in search of a stray pigeon and sparrows' nests—freaks for which his father, a hard-headed, matter-of-fact man, had repeatedly thrashed him. The discovery of a female imprisoned and half-starved by the Prys, whom he detested, naturally produced a profound impression on the ardent imagination of Peter. It was the first great event of his life—food for his hungry brain to feed upon; and despite the punishment which he knew awaited his disobedience, he counted the hours of his father's return impatiently.

It was evening before Mr. Flatman, who was employed in a printing office, made his appearance.

With prudence beyond his years, the son waited till he had supped and lit his pipe.

"Father," said the boy, "I have something to tell you."

"Getting into mischief again, I suppose."

Peter did not deny the imputation, but modestly suggested that his parent should hear what he had to say before thrashing him.

At the word "thrashing" the printer laid down his pipe.

"I have been on the roof of the house again."

His father waited to hear no further, but catching up the cane which he kept for the purpose, began plying it vigorously over the shoulders of the offender. To his surprise, Peter neither winced nor entreated forgiveness.

"There! you young rascal! there—and there!"

Still not a word nor a cry.

Mrs. Flatman's maternal feelings and curiosity were aroused, and she interfered, at last, to put an end to the violence of her husband.

"You spoil the boy," muttered the latter, replacing the instrument of punishment in the corner.

"Beating won't improve him."

The woman was in the right; but they had strange notions of parental discipline in those days.

"And what were you on the roof for?" demanded the printer.

Peter made no reply. He had endured the punishment, and felt that he had a right to guard his secret.

"Did you hear me?"

Still not a word.

His father glanced at the cane again.

"Why don't you answer your father?" said Mrs. Flatman.

Peter caught up a candle from the table, and, maintaining the same dogged silence, retired to his bed in the garret, where his resolution gave way, and he sobbed bitterly. The commencement of his adventure appeared anything but agreeable.

It must not be supposed for one instant that we approve either the disobedience of the lad or his obstinate silence, still less the hasty brutality of his father. We have long been convinced that the worst course to be pursued with a boy is to beat him. In the present case there were extenuating circumstances in the culprit's favor; he had avowed his fault, and asked only for a hearing.

As Mr. Flatman had to be at his office at a very early hour, he quitted the house the following morning without seeing his son, whom he threatened to thrash on his return severely, if the cause of his venturing upon the roof were not explained to him on his return.

The mother promised to ascertain it long before evening, and was no sooner dressed than she hastened to the garret. To her astonishment, the window was wide open, and Peter nowhere to be seen.

"On the roof again!" exclaimed the woman, half angry and half puzzled at his perseverance. "There never was such a boy! The snow upon the tiles, too!"

In a few minutes the culprit made his appearance. Mrs. Flatman waited with praiseworthy patience till he was safely through the window before she pounced upon him, when, as a matter of course, the first thing she did was to box his ears, the next, to demand an explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

A mother's hand falls lightly; at any rate, Peter felt neither anger nor resentment at her blows, but answered the question she put to him frankly.

He had been to visit an old woman whom the Prys kept prisoner.

We believe we previously informed our readers that a *true neighborly antipathy* existed between the two families. The ladies hated each other most cordially, yet still kept up the habit of calling and gossiping with each other.

We have witnessed the same thing in a more elevated sphere.

Strange and improbable as the boy's story appeared, Mrs. Flatman at once believed it; she could have credited anything of Mrs. Pry.

"The wretches!" she exclaimed. "Some poor relation they are ashamed of, no doubt."

"No, it aint," said Peter; "it's a nurse."

"A nurse!" repeated his mother, whose love of the marvellous, to say the least of it, fully equalled his own.

"They *inveggled* her away from Shoreditch Workhouse."

"Only to think!"

"But that aint the worst," added the boy, lowering his voice to a tone of horror; "they are a starvin' on her. I took her some bread; you aint angry with me, are you, mother?"

Mrs. Flatman, who, to do her justice, was really a kind-hearted woman, replied by a kiss, and began to regret the box of the ears she had given him.

"Angry!" she repeated. "No, Peter; you have acted rightly, and I feel proud of you, so will your father, when he hears the rights of it. You should have told me first, and let me break it to him; you know how passionate he is."

To these observations her son made no remark; the recollection of the caning he had received still rankled in his mind.

Having questioned and re-questioned the youth till fully satisfied she had drawn from him all he knew, his mother descended to prepare breakfast, after which she dismissed Peter to his school.

"I wish I had a holiday," said the lad, as he was leaving the house.

"Perhaps your father may give you one to-morrow," observed Mrs. Flatman, "when he hears the rights on it."

"Won't you give me one, mother?"

The woman shook her head. She was willing enough to gratify him, but dared not.

"I must take one, then," replied Peter, resolutely. "It'll only be another thrashing."

With these words he closed the door, but instead of taking his way to the school, directed his steps towards London.

No sooner was she alone than Mrs. Flatman began to indulge in a habit very common to uneducated persons, of talking over the discovery to herself. "The affair did not in the least surprise her; she had long suspected the Prys to be a bad set, and predicted they would never come to good."

A vague suspicion that money might be made of the secret more than once crossed her mind, and she decided upon remaining silent till the return of her husband. Nothing should induce her to give a hint to any one; of course not.

This resolution might possibly have been kept, had the person who made it neither quitted her house, nor received the visit of any one; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Pry, finding herself with an idle hour upon her hands, called to complain of the conduct of Peter, who had snowballed her husband on the preceding day.

An air of intense satisfaction and relief stole over the features of her neighbor when she saw her enter.

"I am sorry to come with a complaint," began the visitor.

"No excuse, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Flatman, drawing down the corners of her mouth; "you rarely come with anything else."

"All the fault of your son, ma'am."

"Of course it is; yours is perfection."

"At any rate, he has not been brought up in the streets—suffered to run wild, like *some people's;* Mat is a well-conducted young man—I am proud of Mat."

"I am not ashamed of Peter," observed Mrs. Flatman, emphatically.

"He threw a snowball at my husband last night," observed Mrs. Pry, "and it's not the first time."

"Mr. Pry should not have thrown his ball upon the roof of the house," retorted the mother of the culprit. "Most *imprudent* thing for him to do, considering——"

Here the speaker suddenly paused. Anger was carrying her beyond the limit of prudence.

"*Considering what?*" demanded her visitor, fixing her eyes upon her very earnestly.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" repeated Mrs. Flatman, with a knowing laugh. "It would not have signified if your husband had thrown the ball upon my roof; any one is welcome to know what is going on in my house. There are no secrets in my family."

"Nor in mine, ma'am," replied the neighbor, resolutely.

"I hope not, ma'am," said the mother of Peter, with a sneer. "One wouldn't like anything unpleasant to take place next door to one."

Mrs. Pry was too good a general to let the enemy perceive the utter consternation into which these hints had thrown her, or to retreat at once—that might have betrayed weakness; so she adroitly changed the subject of conversation to one on which they could meet upon neutral ground—their neighbors—who, as a matter of course, suffered severely. Not a bonnet, nor a pelisse—pelisses were fashionable in those days—but was passed in review between them.

Mutually calmed by the exercise, the two women separated, to all appearance, much more amicably than they had met. But it was in appearance only, for they hated each other more cordially than ever. The cruel persecutor of the aged nurse returned to her home filled with dread and suspicion that her secret was discovered; and Mrs. Flatman felt, as she gazed after her, that—despite her resolutions—her tongue had outrun her discretion.

To make amends for her want of prudence, she seated herself with her work at the little parlor window, and remained there resolutely, despite the cold, during the rest of the day, like a sentinel upon guard.

No one could enter or quit the house of Mrs. Pry without her being aware of it.

Mat felt greatly alarmed when his mother related the conversation which had just taken place between herself and her neighbor. Although far from suspecting the whole truth, he heard enough to convince him that their proceedings were already talked of, and that further violence to their prisoner would be fraught with danger. His first idea was to remove her to the offices of Mr. Parfit; but each time he quitted the house, which he frequently did, on one pretence or other, he perceived Mrs. Flatman at her post of observation, and in his rage he bitterly cursed her.

"Curses are of little use," observed his parent, with a sneer. "Would that I were a man!"

"And supposing that you were a man," replied her son, "what could you do, with that she-devil's eyes upon you?"

"Something equal to the emergency. Fortune knocks but once at the door; fools only hesitate to open it."

It was a dangerous doctrine for a mother to preach, especially to so apt a pupil as Mat. The young ruffian reflected for a few instants. As a cold, cruel smile stole over his sinister-looking features, Mrs. Pry felt assured that he had found a solution to their present difficulty.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "We must not let her quit the house, living or dead, before we obtain the paper."

"Certainly not."

"Neither must she be found here in the event of a search being made."

The woman nodded assent, as if the proposition were a self-evident one.

"You had better lock the door," exclaimed the young ruffian, "and assist me."

The means they took still more effectually to secure the victim of their cruelty will be detailed in the proper place; we have no desire to pain our readers by compelling them to peruse them twice.

When Mr. Flatman returned home in the evening, he found his wife greatly alarmed at the absence of her son. Peter had not made his appearance since the morning, and she had ascertained from a neighbor's children that he had not been to school.

"It is all your fault," she exclaimed, wiping away her tears; "you are so hard upon the boy."

"I'll be harder before I've done with him," replied her husband, who regarded the cane as the visible and fitting emblem of paternal authority. "The obstinate young rascal! Has he confessed why he ventured upon the roof of the house, after I had so strictly forbidden him?"

"Yes, he has confessed it; and when you have heard it, I think you will regret your hastiness. You remember he begged of you to listen to him before beating him."

"I wasn't to be coaxed," muttered the printer.

"His confession was a free one," observed the wife; "there was something in that."

"Well, perhaps there was, but——"

"But!" repeated Mrs. Flatman. "You men are so impatient. Peter acted most courageously, and I feel proud of him. Your violence," she added, "I fear, has driven him from home."

"He will be glad to come back again," observed the father, philosophically, at the same time looking round to ascertain that the cane was ready to his hand.

His wife followed the direction of his eyes, and her maternal feelings being roused, she caught up the instrument of punishment and thrust it into the fire.

The anger of the man was roused, and he declared the boy should receive a double amount of correction on his return.

"I hope he never will return, then," replied Mrs. Flatman, bursting into tears; "I am tired of seeing him beaten for the most trivial fault, and won't endure it any longer. After his confessing it to you, too—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It's no use your making large eyes and looking fiercely at me," she added; "I am not afraid of you."

This was a fact so well established in the mind of the printer, that he did not venture to dispute it.

"Do you know," she continued, "what Peter discovered on the roof?"

"How should I? The obstinate young rascal would not tell me a word."

"That the Prys have a prisoner!"

"A what?"

"A prisoner—an aged woman—whom they deluded from Shoreditch Workhouse, and keep confined in the garret without fire or light. They are starving her in order to obtain some paper she is in possession of. I don't exactly know what it is, but no doubt of consequence. Peter discovered her and has twice taken her food."

"Shoreditch Workhouse!" interrupted Mr. Flatman, starting from his chair. "There is a reward offered in all the daily papers!—Fifty pounds! Set the advertisement in type myself. Why didn't the young villain tell me at once?"

"Why did you beat him?" demanded his wife.

Before the prospect of gaining fifty pounds all minor differences ceased, and the speakers, after a brief consultation, decided on appearing before the nearest magistrate, to make their declaration at once. In their way to the office, the printer bought several copies of the papers containing the advertisement. Thus armed, they had not the slightest difficulty in procuring a search-warrant, especially as the police authorities were already acquainted with the case.

Mrs. Pry, her husband, and son were at supper when the officers arrived to search the house. Nothing could have been better acted than the indignation of the lady at such a charge being laid against her. In a confident tone of voice she requested them to do their duty, and inquired which part of the house they would like to commence with.

"The garrets," was the reply.

Mat volunteered to conduct them. The young ruffian appeared in equally excellent spirits as his mother. Mr. Pry, senior, said but little.

In a few minutes the officers returned—their search had proved a fruitless one.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Flatman, who, with her husband, had accompanied them to the house; "have you found the poor creature? Where is she?"

"Not in the garrets," observed one of the men discontentedly.

"Search the cellar, then."

The hint was taken with the same result. Not a living thing, except themselves and the estimable family of the Prys, was to be found in the house.

"Would you like to look in the drawers?" said Mrs. Pry, in a mocking tone; "or in the clock-case? or the kitchen-dresser? make no hesitation. Mrs. Flatman won't have such another occasion of gratifying her curiosity, and it would be a pity to disappoint her.

"Especially as she will have to pay for it," she added.

The printer and his wife began to feel anything but comfortable. To all appearance, Peter had let them into a scrape.

"I hope, gentlemen, you are satisfied," said the master of the house, gathering courage. "I should have thought my well-known respectability might have answered for me."

"Not against information regularly laid before a magistrate."

"I shall wait upon him in the morning," said Mr. Pry, pompously.

"It will be advisable," replied the officer. "At the same time, you can explain the only circumstance that at present looks bad against you."

"Against us!" exclaimed Mat.

"The bars to the window of the garret—they have a suspicious appearance."

"Not when you consider the characters of some of our neighbors," answered Mrs. Pry, darting a disdainful glance on the printer and his wife. "We have frequently been robbed of trifling articles from the room, such as fruit, a ham and potatoes.

"*My son*," she added, "has never been seen upon the roof of the house."

"Mine has," observed Mrs. Flatman, coolly; for her conviction of the honesty of Peter was unbounded. "It was whilst searching for his ball, which your husband threw there, that he discovered your prisoner."

"Prisoner!" repeated Mrs. Pry, with a toss of her head. "What do you suppose we have done with her?"

"Murdered her, perhaps."

The hit was a random one, but it told.

"Ridiculous!"

The keen-eyed officer fancied he detected something like confusion on the hitherto triumphant, sneering looks of Mat and his mother. Still he knew not what further steps to take—every room in the place had been searched and not a trace of the prisoner discovered. There appeared nothing left for him and his companions but to withdraw.

As they were quitting the house, the triumphant jeers of the rascally persecutors of the poor old nurse were suddenly cut short by the unexpected appearance of Peter, accompanied by the master and porter of Shoreditch Workhouse, Mr. Burns, (the agent of Colonel Mordaunt,) and a couple of Bow street runners—very different personages, in point of intelligence, from the two constables who had just concluded their investigation.

The boy, with a prudence beyond his years, had played the truant, to carry out the instructions given him by the prisoner the last time he visited her.

"That is the man," exclaimed the master, pointing to Pry; "the villain who took away Ann Betts, pretending that he was an officer of the Court of Chancery!"

"And robbed us of fifty pounds!" added the porter.

At this recognition the countenance of Pry, senior, changed.

Mr. Flatman, more mystified than ever, seized his son by the collar, and would have proceeded there and then to exercise his paternal authority by chastising him, had not the Bow-street runner interfered, and coolly informed him that nothing of the kind could be permitted in his presence.

"The boy has acted remarkably well," observed Mr. Burns, "and merits reward instead of punishment; I shall see that he is properly recompensed."

At the word "recompensed," the printer's anger became greatly modified.

The search was renewed; still with the same result.

"It is all a lie, a wicked lie of that young rascal's," observed Mrs. Pry, whose confidence increased every instant. "Thank goodness, however, there is law to be had, and justice. You have no longer any business here, gentlemen," she added; "my house is not an inn; I must request you to leave it."

"We shall do so at once," replied one of the officers, "with our prisoner."

The family of the Prys repeated the word simultaneously.

"I have a warrant against you," continued the official, producing his authority, "for the abduction of one Ann Betts, late a pauper inmate of Shoreditch Workhouse; you are my prisoner."

The confidential clerk of Mr. Parfit, to whom these terrible words were addressed, began to wish he had never listened to the tempting offers of his employer.

He muttered something about his being a respectable man, and able to procure bail.

"That the magistrate will decide upon," replied his captor. "But as the charge, to all appearance, will resolve itself into one of murder, I do not think there is much chance of its being taken."

At a sign from the speaker, his brother officer slipped a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of Mr. Pry, senior, who trembled violently when he felt the contact of the cold iron.

"Don't be frightened!" whispered his wife.

"They can't prove anything," added Mat.

But Mr. Pry did feel very much frightened, not only at his present position, but at the thoughts of leaving his prisoner in the hands of his wife and son. Once left to themselves, and the prediction of the Bow street runner, in all probability, would be realized. At present he felt perfectly secure they could not try him on the charge of murder, for Ann Betts was still alive.

"Stay," he exclaimed, "I—I think I know where the woman is."

"I thought so," said the officer. "In the house?"

"Yes."

The reply occasioned no slight surprise, considering that it had been twice searched.

"Where?"

"In the cellar."

"But we have been there."

"The coals!" gasped the guilty man; "under the coals. It was not my doing."

The officers, accompanied by every one present, descended at once to the cellar, and seizing upon such implements as they could lay their hands upon, began shovelling away the coals. Presently a cry of indignation escaped them. In a hole dug in the damp earth lay the poor old nurse, her arms bound to her sides, and a gag thrust into her mouth to prevent her giving an alarm.

Several boards had been drawn over her to prevent the coals from falling upon her and stifling her.

"Well!" exclaimed the officer, "that is ingenious!"

Mrs. Flatman hugged her son in her arms, and returned the hitherto insulting glances of her now crest-fallen neighbor with interest.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the aged creature was sufficiently recovered to state that Mrs. Pry and her son had dragged her from the garret, and buried her in the position she had been discovered in.

"I told you it was not my doing," whimpered Mr. Pry, senior, who had now lost all courage; not so his wife and Mat, whom the officers found considerable difficulty in handcuffing.

"She is mad!" exclaimed the wretched woman, glancing at her late prisoner, "and we merely took charge of her to oblige her friends."

"Silence, mother!" said the son; "they won't believe that story now. Only to think of father being such a cur as to split on us."

On recognizing the master and porter of Shoreditch Workhouse, Ann Betts uttered a cry of joy, and begged to be taken back to her old quarters. She felt that she should be safe there.

The next day, when before the authorities at Bow street, the faithful creature gave a clear account, not only of all she had endured, but the motives of her persecutors.

"They wanted the certificate of my dead mistress's marriage, but I was determined to disappoint them, and carry it with me to the grave rather than let it fall into the hands of her enemies."

"You had it with you, then?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir."

The prisoners—remembering how closely they had searched her clothes, as well as person—looked up with evident curiosity.

"Where is it?"

Ann Betts deliberately untied the strings from her cap—took it off, and drew the comb from her long, gray hair, which fell in profusion, remarkable for her age, upon her shoulders—and drew forth the paper, which had all the while been concealed in it.

A murmur of admiration escaped from all present.

"Who would have thought of it?" muttered Mrs. Pry.

The only observation she uttered during the proceedings, which ended in herself, husband, and son being committed to Newgate for trial.

The magistrate complimented Peter Flatman upon his intelligence and courage.

His father stepped forward to make some inquiries respecting the reward.

"It will depend upon the manner in which you treat your son, whether or not you will be allowed to have any share in it," observed Mr. Burns. "My client, Colonel Mordaunt, is at present absent from England; on his return, I doubt not but he will provide permanently for the youth, who has rendered him such an essential service."

The printer both looked and felt humbled at the reproof.

"I told you you always were too harsh with the boy," whispered his wife. "*Hear first and strike afterwards*," she added.

The advice was good, and many would act wisely to remember it.

CHAPTER XL.

In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distrest.
CRABBE.

Our readers may imagine the terror of Clara and her two companions on finding themselves torn from their floating prison to inhabit a still more wretched one. On board the vessel they at least had found security from personal violence in the manly conduct of the mate and crew; but the Casa de Nero, as the house kept by Donna Inez was named, presented no such guarantee—there they were completely at the mercy of their enemies—friendless, helpless, and in their power.

The appearance of the mistress of the house—a tall, gaunt-looking woman, with no remains of beauty except the eyes, which would have reminded an artist of Cæsar Borgia's—was calculated to inspire anything but confidence. A long career of vice, and years of association with the worst both of her own and the opposite sex, had blunted everything like sensibility in her nature. The tears of the English girl amused instead of softened her. False herself, the wretched woman felt a fiend-like satisfaction in reducing others to the same degraded level.

Joe Eagleton and Inez were old acquaintances. But little circumlocution was necessary between them—they very soon understood each other.

"You must contrive to separate them before the captain arrives," observed the former.

The mistress of the Casa Nero—the place was rightly named—nodded in the affirmation.

"He ought to have been here by this time," added the steward, looking at his watch. "Perhaps he has mistaken his way; and yet the directions I gave him were plain enough. I'll walk into the town and look out for him. Mind that he pays well; he can afford it, and the prize is worth the cost."

Donna Inez, as soon as the speaker had left the house, mounted to the upper apartments, in one of which the captives were confined. As we before observed, it had once been a mansion of some importance—the country residence of one of the Tuscan nobles, but allowed to fall into partial decay, and finally abandoned at a nominal rent to its present occupant, who, on entering the room, made signs for Clara to follow her.

The terrified girl drew back.

"She shall not go with you," said Harry, resolutely, speaking in Italian; he had learnt something of the language from Bianca and her father. "We do not intend to be separated."

The woman laughed scornfully at the idea of being braved by a child, as she considered the speaker, and intimated a second time that Clara must quit the room with her.

"Never!" exclaimed the *danseuse*.

Inez understood the look but not the word, and, bent upon accomplishing her purpose, seized her prisoner by the arm, with the intention of dragging her to another part of the building.

The struggle would not have lasted long but for the maid-of-all-work. Hannah had never yet felt the slightest fear of one of her own sex, whatever her terror might be of the opposite one. She was strong, and most unromantically able to defend herself.

The hearty blow she struck the Italian on the temple greatly astonished the latter, who instinctively placed her hand to her girdle to draw the knife, which her assailant quickly wrested from her.

"Throw it out of the window," exclaimed Harry, who, with the manly feeling of an English youth, had felt loth to strike a female.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Islip," replied the courageous girl; "I didn't get it so easily. Only to think! I suppose she calls herself a woman! You may look as black as you please, ma'am," she added, dropping a mock curtsey to the enraged Italian, who stood scowling at her. "Looks don't bite, and if they did, others can look unpleasantly, too."

Inez advanced towards the weeping Clara with the intention of making a second attempt; but the resolute bearing of the speaker, who actually drew her guard, caused her to recoil; and breaking into a loud laugh, she quitted the room.

"Quite as well she is gone," observed the maid-of-all-work.

"To return," said the *danseuse*, wringing her hands, "with those who will show no pity. Tom! Tom!" she added, "why are not you here to protect me?"

Little did the forlorn girl imagine how near her lover and his friend were to her at that moment.

Harry felt that everything now depended upon him, and his courage and resolution both rose with the emergency.

"We must gain time," he observed.

"Yes, time, if only to pray—to die!" sobbed Clara.

"Rather to live, and express our gratitude to Heaven for its protection," replied the affectionate boy, who had already decided upon his plan of operation, which was to barricade the only door of the apartment with the cumbrous, antique furniture, and display signals of distress from the windows, which fortunately, were too high for their enemies to penetrate that way.

"We shall not starve," he added, after explaining his intentions; "they have left us wine and bread enough."

He pointed to the remains of the repast upon the table.

By all three uniting their strength, the captives succeeded in dragging the heavy cabinets across the floor. Chairs, sofas—in short every article of furniture they could reach, were successively piled against the door, till the barricade reached almost to the ceiling. That done, they tore down the faded curtains, which they attached to sticks, and stood waving them at the windows, in the hope of attracting attention.

There is little doubt but that Joe Eagleton intended to act faithfully to Captain Riddle, and assist him in his infamous projects, when he conducted Clara and her companions to the Casa Nero; but the intelligence he obtained at Leghorn caused him to change his tactics. His employer being in prison, he saw no reason why he should not replace him, and secure the prize for himself. Man for man, he considered himself as eligible a husband as his employer, and knew himself to be quite as unscrupulous.

Filled with this idea, he hastened his return to the Casa—little imagining that his steps were watched by the boy, Jack, who had quitted the Amazon in order to give his evidence respecting the abduction of Clara.

The lad followed him sufficiently far to see him housed, and to notice the signs the captives were still making from the windows.

On entering the Casa, the steward saluted its mistress with a volley of oaths, and asked if she was blind or mad? for he, too, had seen the signals.

"Neither," replied the woman, sullenly. "I have been struck."

"By a man?"

"By the red-haired fiend of a countrywoman of yours," said Inez. "I would rather deal with three men than her; I thought you told me English women were gentle, timid creatures."

"Some of them," observed Joe, with a laugh. "But hasten up-stairs, and take from them the red rags they are shaking out of the window."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"They have barricaded the door of the room. You must do it yourself."

"Why, Inez," said the ruffian, "you are growing old or losing your energy—afraid of a mere girl! You who have fleshed your knife in the heart of more than one man!"

"I shall never do so again," muttered the Italian, sadly.

"Pshaw!"

"The evil eye is upon me."

The superstition of the evil eye is too well known to require explanation. It is found both in Greece and Italy.

Great was the fury of the steward on finding the barricade against the door of his prisoners' room, too solid for his strength to remove. In vain he alternately threatened and promised to restore them to freedom, provided they gave him admission. Clara entreated Harry to kill her rather than allow her to fall into his hands, or the captain's.

"Whilst I live," answered the courageous boy, who stood ready armed with the knife Hannah had taken from the mistress of the Casa Nero, "you have nothing to fear. If they murder me, God will be your protector," he added, solemnly.

Finding his efforts and eloquence equally vain, Joe Eagleton descended to the room where he had left Inez, who smiled when she saw that he had failed.

"They only prolong the struggle," he observed; "in the evening Carlo and his brothers will be here, and then we shall see what use their resistance will prove."

Tom Mayfield and our hero were returning, hopeless and dejected, to the house of the hospitable Signor Benetti, after their unsuccessful search through Leghorn, when they encountered the boy Jack.

"Good news!" exclaimed Harold. "I can swear to it. Look in his face."

A few words explained the discovery the lad had made, and they hastened off with him to the chief of the police, in order to obtain the necessary assistance for forcing the Casa Nero.

"To-morrow," replied the important functionary, who began to feel tired of the affair of the Englishman.

The indignant remonstrances of the young men were cut short by a gentlemanly-looking person, who addressed them in their own language, and ultimately proved to be a fellow-countryman.

"It is useless to remonstrate," he observed; "the chief of the police has either been bribed, or is indifferent; reproaches might provoke hostility. I have heard of the affair that brought you to Leghorn. Come with me; I will put you in the way to act."

"It must be at once," exclaimed Tom, energetically; "I will not leave Clara a night in the hands of the wretches who have carried her off, to purchase Paradise!"

The stranger smiled, as if he felt pleased with his warmth.

"Nor I," added Harold, seriously; "for, although Riddle is a prisoner, the steward, quite as great a villain, is still free."

Their new acquaintance conducted them to the residence of a British merchant, named Shields, where they found a number of English captains and sailors assembled—every one well armed.

"What a lucky accident!" observed Tom. "They will assist us."

"Accident!" repeated the gentleman; "it is by design that they are here to accomplish the release of Clara Cleret."

"Who assembled them?" demanded the astonished lover.

"I did!"

"And who are you, sir?"

"That you shall know when she is free."

As in all probability the road to the Casa Nero would be watched, it was decided, by the advice of Mr. Shields, to proceed by sea; and they at once marched down to the beach, where boats were waiting.

A cheer broke the slumbering echoes of the cliffs as they rowed off.

The Carlo and his brothers Joe Eagleton had spoken of were three of the most deperate villains in Leghorn. There was scarcely a crime they were not ready to commit, provided they were paid for it. Justice had already a long account against them; but somehow they contrived to baffle her claims, despite the general cry against them.

The venality of her ministers in Italy might probably explain the reason.

The desperadoes laughed at the account Inez gave them of the extraordinary strength of the English girl, and at once proceed to force open the door of the apartment. They found the task more difficult than they anticipated.

Twice had the eldest Carlo succeeded in thrusting his arm through one of the shattered panels, and each time drawn it back with a bitter curse, for the knife of Harry had struck deeply.

"Remember," said the wounded ruffian, "not to touch the boy; I claim the pleasure of cutting his throat myself."

His brothers groaned assent.

Despite the efforts of those who defended it, the barriers began to give way, and the cries of the two females became terrific. The Italians laughed as they listened to them.

"Finish with it at once," said the steward, who began to feel impatient. "Remember the reward! Do as you please with the boy and the red-haired girl, but——"

The rest was cut short by a violent knocking at the outward door. The speaker and his companions rushed to the windows.

"Only sailors," muttered Carlo.

He forgot that they were English ones; but even cowards can sometimes act like brave men, and affect to despise danger when fighting behind stone walls.

The liberators had indeed arrived, and Tom and Harold shouted the names of Clara and Harry. The excited girl would have sprung into their arms from the window, had not her companions restrained her.

"Saved!" she murmured, "a second time. Merciful Heaven! teach my heart to feel sufficiently thankful."

Nearly an hour elapsed before an entrance could be forced into the house by the sailors. The inmates, conscious, perhaps, how little they deserved mercy, expected none, and kept up a deadly fire as long as their ammunition lasted, both from the roof and windows.

Inez herself assisted them.

When it was exhausted, Joe Eagleton, thinking to make terms for himself, crept towards the strongly-barred door, and would have opened it. The knife of Carlo arrested his intention.

"No, no, Signor Inglese," he exclaimed, as he held the glittering blade to his throat; "life or death, freedom or the galleys, together!"

Thus compelled, the disappointed wretch returned with him, and commenced a parley with the assailants from the window. The instant he appeared at it a shot settled his account forever.

Terms were easily arranged with the rest. The prisoners were to be given up, and their enemies to leave the house unmolested.

Carlo smiled grimly as Harry passed him; it was the first time in his life he had ever let slip an opportunity of revenging himself.

When Clara descended to the lower apartment, she staggered rather than walked, so terrible were the emotions she had undergone. Tom rushed forward to clasp her in his arms, but found himself anticipated—the strange Englishman had already secured her in his.

"Clara, dear Clara! my own sweet girl!" exclaimed her lover, at the same time attempting to take her from him.

"Back!" said the gentleman; "I have a previous claim."

"Claim!" repeated Tom, greatly astonished, "what claim?"

"The holiest one. I am her father."

We need not inform our readers the speaker was no other than Colonel Mordaunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ABOUT EYES.

The names, colors, qualities, and turns of eyes, vary in almost every head; for, not to mention the common appellations of the black, and the blue, the white, the gray, and the like, the most remarkable are those that borrow their titles from animals, by virtue of some particular quality of resemblance they bear to the eyes of the respective creatures; as that of a greedy rapacious aspect takes its name from the cat, that of a sharp piercing nature from a hawk, those of an amorous roguish look derive their title even from the sheep, and we say such a one has a sheep's eye, not so much to denote the innocence, as the simple slyness, of the cast. Nor is this metaphorical inoculation a modern invention, for we find Homer taking the freedom to place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow, in the head of one of his principal goddesses, by that frequent expression of

"The ox-eyed venerable Juno."

Now as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that fine part of our constitution seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself; at least it is the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs. We know a young lady that cannot see a certain gentleman pass by without showing a secret desire of seeing him again by a dance in her eye-balls, nay, she cannot, for the heart of her, help looking half a street's length after a man in a gay dress. You cannot behold a covetous spirit walk by a broker's shop without casting a wishful eye at the heaps upon the counter. Does not a haughty person show the temper of his soul in the supercilious roll of his eye? and how frequently in the height of passion does that moving picture in our head start and stare, gather a redness and quick flashes of lightning, and make all its humors sparkle with fire, as the poet finely describes it,

———From his wide nostrils flies
A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.

As for the various terms of the eyesight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole leer, together with such enormities as tipping the wink, the circumspective roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, these must be put in the class of Heteroptics, as all wrong notions of religion are ranked under the general name of Heterodox.

A COMMON IMPERTINENCE.

One of the most unreasonable follies practised by affected people is, "the impertinence of being always in a hurry." There are those who visit ladies, and beg pardon, before they are well seated in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment. Thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a-going somewhere else should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs will effectually dispatch them. The traveling ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have.

MY MUSICIANS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The chartered ministers of God shall be
My great and beautiful musicians now
And evermore—the lithe and innocent Winds.
In these four windows of my cottage home—
A window on each side, with lilies wreathed
And intense amaranth to laurel wed—
Æolians I will stretch, so deftly by
Italia's little people made. Those Winds
Shall run their subtle fingers over them.
How soft the mild, sonorous South shall touch
His own sweet harp, and sing of golden days,
And myrtles green, and roses red as blood,
Married to love, deep, deathless human love—
Alone, that stately gods on their cold peaks
Of thunderous power, might pine for: How the North,
A pilgrim proud from seas where icebergs crash
God's terrible marches round the shuddering pole,
Shall sound a lyric large unto the heart,
Of strength and grim endurance, that sublimes
All manhood: How the sacred East, her hands
Still odorous with Sharon's regal rose
And spikenard in Gethsemane nursed, shall breathe
Religion's rapture, born of inmost spheres
Where Seraphim are nooned on Heaven's lit hills
Eternally: And how the slumberous West
Shall chant of all the great mild opulence
Of setting suns, that symbol gloriously
The closing of a Life that was by Faith
And Truth imparadised!
O such shall be
My music as between those Oriels
I sit, and so drink in by day and night
The august meanings of this mystic World!

THE RANGER'S ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following is the story of a Texan Ranger, who enlisted and served during the first six months of the Mexican war:

"The Fourth of July, 1846, was a merry day with us Rangers, as we celebrated it with all becoming honors at our temporary quarters, a cotton-gin shed, on the outskirts of the thriving little Mexican village of Reynoso. By a series of very curious mistakes in the use of our weapons, (for our government, be it remembered, allowed us no foraging, pillaging, or pilfering in the country of the enemy,) we had, accidentally of course, killed sundry stray pigs, fowls, and so forth, which we afterward ventured to cook, merely to save from waste; and having prepared a few gallons of whiskey toddy, with which to wash down and settle the forbidden food, we gradually ripened into as mellow a party as any disciple of Bacchus might wish to find; and certain it is, that no absent friend had any reason to complain of being untoasted on that most glorious and memorable day. We toasted everybody and everything we could think of—from General Taylor down to the last green private in our ranks, and from six-cent calico frocks up to the honorable bunting we were fighting under. In fact, the last thing I remember of that day is of trying to drink, with becoming dignity, the health of the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Now whether the pig or the chicken most disagreed with me, (of course it was not the whiskey, that being merely a corrective,) I am not prepared to say; but the fact is, I felt bad for several days, and our good surgeon so far sympathized with me as to report me unfit for duty. But one morning an order came to saddle up and pursue a band of robbers who had been committing depredations in our vicinity, and I suddenly discovered that I was well enough to set forth on an expedition which promised so much healthy exercise. The captain being away, our lieutenant took the command; and just as we were ready to start, an old Mexican, with one arm in a sling, and his face all covered with bandages, came ambling up, and said he was going to accompany us in the capacity of guide.

"'Señores! what hell-hounds these same robbers are! Look you! They took me from my quiet home last night, dragged me to a lonely place, tied me to a tree, and then practiced on me with their knives to their hearts' content. They cut off my nose, haggled my face, and almost severed my hand from my arm. By a miracle I escaped to tell the tale. Now I will lead you to the place, and may the devil catch them!'

"Off we went, swearing vengeance upon the robbers; not that we cared a great deal how much one set of cut-throats preyed upon another—for the Mexicans were all pretty much alike in this respect, at least in our eyes—but because our orders were to take them, dead or alive, if we could find them, and we were just in the mood to obey orders.

"About ten miles from Reynoso, on the Matamoras road, we found the last night's camp of the bandits, and our guide pointed out the tree to which he had been tied. The villains were not here now, but their trail was clearly visible, and this we followed for several miles, till we came to a point where they had separated and struck off in different directions. We were now ordered to divide also, and scour the chaparral and neighboring country in small parties, but cautioned not to venture too far, and to rendezvous at our point of divergence in the course of a couple of hours.

"An hour served to get me completely separated from my companions; but being well mounted, and having no fear of losing my way, I dashed boldly over a little hill, across a rocky, barren strip of rolling ground, and into another thicket of chaparral, following as I believed a pretty clear trail of one of the villains. If I could, alone and single-handed, capture one of the robbers, it would I fancied be an exploit to boast about even among heroes of daring deeds; and so I pressed on, regardless of everything but the one purpose I had in view.

"I had thus ridden some five miles perhaps, after losing sight of my companions, and had already entered a wild, mountainous region, with the trail of my enemy still plain before me, when I began to think it barely possible that I might get into difficulty if I kept on, and that the most prudent thing would be to return as soon as possible by a direct course, not by the one I had come, which I conceived to be in the form of a semi-circle. In attempting to do this, I got bewildered and lost, and, as it afterward appeared, took a direction exactly contrary to the one I intended.

"At length I found myself riding through a dark valley, with steep, rocky hills on either side, the place being more wild and gloomy than any I had before seen. I began to feel strangely uneasy. Surely I had not crossed any country, in pursuit of the robber, that would justify my finding such a spot as this on my way back. I rode on a little further, and passed a few ravines and deep gullies, and then found the hills gradually closing in upon a rocky gorge, with caves and chasms on either side, and a small, black, sullen stream, that seemed to have issued from the bowels of the earth, flowing along in the centre channel. My horse being very thirsty, made directly for the water, and I dismounted and drank myself. On remounting, I turned his head to ride back, feeling certain that I must be on the wrong course, when suddenly, as if by magic, a dozen swarthy, fierce-looking men, in true bandit costume, appeared among the rocks, with their carbines levelled, ready to fire, and a gruff voice in Spanish, which fortunately I understood, exclaimed:

"'Surrender or die!'

"My first impulse was to draw my revolvers, put spurs to my horse, and blaze away as I ran; but a glance at the uneven ground before me, and the position of my enemies, convinced me that there was scarcely a possibility of escape. A surrender would probably be the prelude to robbery, imprisonment, and it might be death; but the alternative seemed to render the last even more certain; and so, with the bare hope of ultimate escape with life, I drew rein and announced myself a prisoner.

"The fellows now steadily advanced upon me, keeping their carbines levelled, and showing by their manner that they did not feel at all certain of obtaining peaceable possession of their prisoner; but when, to the demand of the leader, I had yielded up my pistols, knife and sword, and they beheld only a single unarmed American among them, they at once grew bold and insolent. Without even requesting me to dismount, two or three seized hold of me roughly and dragged me from the horse, calling me a cursed American, and threatening to shoot me on the spot. They then began an eager search of my person, taking away every article I possessed, even to a pair of wooden pocket combs, including a valuable watch and a massive gold ring. Not satisfied with this, though the booty was evidently larger than they expected, and seemed to put them in a better humor, they proceeded to rob me of hat, coat, vest, trowsers and boots, leaving me only my flannel undershirt and drawers. Then calling me all the opprobrious names they could think of, and occasionally bestowing a kick and a buffet, as if to make me more fully sensible of their scorn and contempt, they conducted me and my horse down through the wild, dismal gorge, for the distance of some half a mile, and then turned sharp around to the right into a narrow defile, between precipitous rocks whose summits appeared to be several hundred feet above their base. An ascending grade led up through this dark chasm, and we went on and up for the space of half an hour, passing no less than three sentinels, stationed at regular intervals, and then at last emerged upon a broad, level plateau, with high, precipitous hills completely encircling it, and as it were walling it in from the great world without. On one side of this plateau stood a massive, fortified dwelling, with two cannons mounted on the flat roof and pointing toward the narrow channel through which we had approached, the only way by which this hidden stronghold could be reached. Nature in fact had so laid out the place that twenty determined men could hold it against a host. The building, after the fashion of Mexico, was built of *adobes*, with a blank wall outward, entered by a strong gate, and with all the various apartments fronting inward upon a square court or area. Here were saloon, sitting-room, bed-rooms, kitchen, granaries and stables; and underneath the stables was a sort of dungeon, with a few rays of light coming in through a narrow aperture, just above the level of the ground. Into this dungeon I was at once conducted, passing at least thirty new faces, some of them women and children, who gathered around me in the area, uttering comments not the most flattering, but offering no violence. I entered my prison through a trap-door, and down a damp, mouldy ladder, descending some fifteen or twenty feet; and when this ladder was drawn up, and the door closed above, I cast myself down on the bare ground in despair, and wondered if ever I should behold the clear, bright light of heaven again.

"I passed a week in this wretched place, being fed only on black bread and water, and all that time suffering the most intense mental excitement, not knowing what would be my fate—whether I should be released, put to death, or imprisoned there for life. Even the robbers appeared to be undecided in regard to me, for one day I overheard them discussing the propriety of either killing me, putting me to ransom, or dooming me to a slave-life in the mines.

"A week of the most painful suspense passed, as I have said, when I one day heard the hurried preparations for a strong and secret expedition, and from now and then a word which I chanced to catch, I conjectured the whole band was about to set off to attempt the capture of one of the wagon-trains of our army. Some two or three hours later, they seemed to take their departure, and then all once more became quiet in and around the place.

"It was near the middle of the night which followed, that, as I sat on the ground, with my hands locked around my knees, my body rocking to and fro, and my mind lost in a revery far from pleasant, I heard the soft, sweet tones of a female voice, speaking from the trap above.

"'Señor American, would you escape?' said the voice in Spanish.

"'Would the imprisoned eagle fly?' I returned. 'Oh, lady, for the love of God, if you have the power, give me my liberty, and I will bless you forever!'

"'Hush! not too loud, Señor American! And if I set you free, will you swear, by all you hold sacred, never to return to this place, or direct others to it, or seek for your property, or redress for the loss of it?'

"'Yes, lady, if I can obtain my liberty on no other terms, I will solemnly swear to forego all you have named.'

"'I do not know as I ought to trust you,' she rejoined; 'but the close examination I made of your features before you were consigned to your dungeon, has led me to think I can. You did not impress me as one who would lightly forfeit his oath and honor, though the world is so full of treachery, one knows not whom to trust. But I cannot bear that your life should be sacrificed—and if the men fail in the expedition on which they have now gone, I fear it will be—therefore I take upon myself the heavy responsibility of setting you free, and if harm comes of it to the band, on me will the vengeance of my companions fall. Remember this, and be true to your oath!'

"She then proceeded to return the ladder, and I was quickly by her side, panting and gasping for very joy. I would have kneeled to her with as true an homage as ever mortal paid to saint, but she checked me with the warning that my life was hanging on a thread, and every moment was too precious to be wasted in idle words.

"'Be silent as death, and follow me!' she whispered.

"She led the way, with a stealthy step, across the open court, and into a small *boudoir*, the door of which she instantly closed and locked. She then struck a light, and I looked upon as beautiful a face as a man could wish to see—the features finely chiseled and regular, the hair black as the raven's wing, and the eyes dark, soft and lustrous.

"'Quick!' she said, producing the attire of a female of the lower order; 'array yourself in these garments.'

"She assisted me in making my feminine toilet, and her own soft hands carefully arranged the never-failing *rebozo* over my head. I looked in a glass and was astonished at the change. I hardly knew myself. Then taking my hand, she opened a secret door, and led me down into an underground passage, which took us beyond the walls of the dwelling, and into the narrow channel before mentioned.

"'There is but one sentinel on duty to-night,' she said. 'The pass-word is Dios de Dios. If he attempts to stop or question you, merely say, By order of la Dona Florencia. When you reach the little stream in the gorge, follow it down seven miles, and you will find yourself on the Rio Grande eight miles from Matamoras. God and all holy angels preserve you! Remember your oath! Adios!'

"'But your name, lady, that I may remember it in my prayers?'

"'I am la Dona Florencia.'

"'God bless you!' I said, kissing her hand. 'Farewell!'

"We parted thus. I followed her instructions to the letter, and the next day, by noon, I was astonishing some of my friends at Matamoras with an account of my strange adventures. When I rejoined the Rangers, I found considerable difficulty in making them believe my story. Alas! *I* was only too well convinced of its truth in the loss of all my valuables, but I remembered my oath to Dona Florencia, and never sought the robbers' haunt to obtain restitution, nor betrayed the secret which had cost me so much to learn. La Dona Florencia is still remembered in my prayers."

NO MORE.

No more the fire upon the hearth
Shall flicker out and die
While anxiously I sit and count
The weary hours go by.

Hoping a moment more shall bring
The face I long to see—
The gentle smile, the beaming eyes
Whose light is heaven to me.

Oh, little season of rare joy,
Best of my days since birth,
You cannot, will not, must not die
Like fire upon the hearth! EL MINA.

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO DON'T DESIRE TO SEE.

It is a base soul who can see in a noble, though, it may be, unsuccessful struggle, only a theme for ridicule. Only a base soul which, incapable itself of generous aspirations and heroic self-sacrifices, questions the motives which prompt such in others, and rejoice in their defeat. Why waste argument upon obstinacy and stupidity? Why waste breath and time to convince those who are pre-determined never *to be* convinced, and whose opinion, if won, counts for nothing? The moments thus uselessly spent were better expended in securing that success which, by its strong hand of power, can keep such cavillers where they belong. Success is power. Superiority in *that* shape they may try in vain to shut their wilful eyes upon, though of course its dark shadows, envy and ill-will, muffled though its footsteps be, will always skulk behind. That which a mean soul cannot itself attain, it always decries, or endeavors to deny the existence of. By no operation of moral couching can it ever be made to perceive it, nor is there any sex in this foible, as many assert. Who has not heard men decry others in the same profession or pursuit, who, crossing their path, had strode on before? No rival belles could possibly tweak caps for power, or slander each other more virulently than rival politicians; and as to the feuds of artists and musicians, are they not matters of history? while the number of those who "can see nothing," in writers who continue acceptably to command the public ear, may not be reckoned upon one's fingers.

The summing-up of the whole matter is, that human nature is not as amiable as it might be; and anybody who is on the upper rounds of any ladder, social, literary, artistic, and above all, just now, *military*, may calculate pretty well what sort of hand throws the mire. FANNY FERN.

FASHIONABLE DISEASE.

The day when it was considered interesting and lady-like to be always ailing has gone by. Good health, fortunately, is the fashion. A rosy cheek is no longer considered "vulgar," and a fair, shapely allowance of flesh on the bones is considered the "style." Perhaps the great secret that good looks cannot exist without good health, may have had something to do with the care now taken to obtain it; whether this be so or not, future generations are the gainers all the same. A languid eye and a waxy, bloodless complexion, may go begging now for admiration. The "elegant stoop" in the shoulders, formerly considered so aristocratic, has also miraculously disappeared. Women walk more and ride less; they have rainy day suits of apparel, too, which superfluity never was known to exist aforetime, sunshine being the only atmosphere in which the human butterfly was supposed to float. In short, "the fragile women of America" will soon exist only in the acid journal of some English traveller, who will, of course, stick to the bygone fact as a still present reality, with a dogged pertinacity known only to that amiable nation. FANNY FERN.

GETTING RICH.

The first and most infallible method toward the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practice this virtue, and we believe there are very few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; we find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself,
Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day,
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument of growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. "If," says he, "I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order."

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and that without it the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, we think it may be laid down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he please, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it in their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RICHARD.—Your misunderstanding probably arises from the fact that there have been *two* battles of Lutzen, each of which was one of the most memorable in history. The first was fought on the 6th of November, 1632, between the army of the great Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, and that of Wallenstein, the commander of the imperial army of Germany—his troops, however, being nearly all Austrians. The Swedish army consisted of 18,000 men, while there were 25,000 of the Austrians. The battle was a bloody one. Night only put an end to the conflict. The great Gustavus was slain and hacked in pieces, but his devoted soldiers nobly avenged his death, and drove the Austrians from the field with great slaughter. The second battle of Lutzen was fought on the second of May, 1813, between Napoleon, with 70,000 men, and the allied armies of Russia and Prussia, amounting to 80,000 men. Napoleon had no cavalry to speak of, while the allies were strong in that arm. Besides, Napoleon's army consisted to a great extent of young conscripts, who had seen but little service, his veterans having nearly all perished in the terrible Moscow campaign. But the great soldier was not in the least daunted. Said he, "We have no cavalry—no matter: it will be a battle as in Egypt. The French infantry is equal to anything, and I commit myself, without alarm, to the inherent valor of our young conscripts." Knowing the great disadvantages under which he labored, the allies confidently expected to crush Napoleon, but great as their experience with him had been, they did not yet know what he was capable of. He inspired the mere boys whom he had but recently called from their homes with such enthusiasm that they fought like veterans, and with him at their head stood firm when their ranks were torn in pieces by tempests of grape. The result was a horrible battle, which eventuated in a dear-bought victory for Napoleon, he losing six thousand in killed and twelve thousand wounded, while the allies lost in killed and wounded fifteen thousand.

A DESPERATE WIFE writes us that her husband treats her so badly she is certain that she shall either go mad or kill him. He slanders her to his relatives, (who hate her with a deadly hatred,) and listens to all their attacks and malicious slanders against her with the utmost complacency and approbation. He also curses and swears at her, calls her opprobrious names, and even lays violent hands on her in some of his paroxysms of rage. And then there are thousands of petty insults and annoyances to which he subjects her, which she can keenly feel but cannot describe, and which sometimes almost drive her distracted. The question is, what shall she do? We know not how to advise a lady placed in such an unfortunate situation. We never like to counsel the divorce of man and wife, except for the crime which all laws as well as the Christian religion recognize as a sufficient reason for such a step. On the other hand, it is impossible for any man, with the sympathies and feelings of true manhood, to counsel a wife to submit to such inhuman treatment and atrocious indignities as our correspondent sets forth. If a wife so situated has no friends who are competent to protect her from the brutalities of her husband, it might be well for her to withdraw from him, until he should show proper penitence and give promise of acting like a civilized being. *If nothing else will do*, she could with propriety at last invoke the protection of the law, and have matters so ordered that she would be forever free from the tyranny under which she had so long suffered.

RODERIC.—How far back, asks Roderic, do we read of the practice of singing hymns during public worship? As far back as we have any record of the practice of public worship. Hymns, or lyric odes, were an important feature of the worship of the gods among the ancient Greeks and Romans, who sang and chanted with a fervor that still lives in the words of their religious songs. We need hardly say that the Psalms of David were chanted by the Hebrews of old as they are now in the synagogues of New York. The earliest Christians, as we learn from the apostolic writings, had their psalms, hymns and spiritual songs; and the Roman Pliny says, that the Christians of the second century "sang hymns to Christ, as though he were a god." From the third century, we actually possess a hymn, and from that period to the present we have an unbroken series of specimens. Jerome, who flourished about A. D. 350, says that, such was the zeal of the Christians in his day, "you cannot go into the fields without hearing the ploughman at his Hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing David's psalms."

HANCOCK.—Your namesake, John Hancock, was born at Quincy, near Boston, Jan. 12th 1737, and graduated at Havard College in 1754. His father was a congregational clergyman of high standing, but of no great wealth. After the young man had spent a short time in his uncle's counting-room, acquiring a knowledge of mercantile business, his uncle died, leaving him the bulk of his fortune. John Hancock, continuing his uncle's business, prospered exceedingly, until, at the beginning of the revolution, he was one of the two or three richest men in New England, and quite the most eminent merchant of Boston. The rest of his history is known to everyone; how he threw himself into the popular cause, and staked his fortune and his life upon the liberties of his country. He died Oct. 8th, 1793, aged 56. John Hancock was not a man of shining talents. He owed his prominent position and great influence to his wealth, his uprightness, his generosity, and, in some degree, to his remarkably fine person and distinguished manners.

METHODIST PREACHER.—This gentleman says that, during a recent visit to Canada, he noticed that the English clergymen there all pronounced the closing word of their prayers Aw-men, instead of A-men, and with a decided accent on the first syllable. He wishes to know which is right, the English or the American mode of saying Amen. If our correspondent will step into a Jewish synagogue some Saturday morning, he will discover that neither we nor the English have quite hit the correct pronunciation. The Jews pronounce the word very quickly, and scarcely sound the first syllable at all; so that, if we did not know the word, we should think they were saying, not Amen, but *men*. We can represent it thus: Ah-MEN.

CHAS. W. B.—The expression "an eulogy" is not correct; it should be, a eulogy. You would not say *an youth;* yet the sounds you and eu are the same. The sole object of placing the letter n after the article a, when it goes before a vowel, is to render the pronunciation of the phrase more easy and agreeable. Whenever, therefore, the addition of that letter would not promote the object aimed at, it is not to be added. Anyone, with an ordinarily good ear, is aware that it is more agreeable to say a eulogy than an eulogy.

E. L. B.—The young lady whom you love, "and who promised on leaving town to write to you immediately on arriving at her place of destination, and has not done so, although a month has elapsed," may have kept her promise in good faith. You should be very sure that a letter may not have been sent by her and miscarried, before you act upon the supposition that she intentionally broke her promise to you. Life-long miseries have arisen, between people who loved truly, from less cause than this.

PORT HURON.—The "great cholera," as you term it, began at Quebec on the ninth of June, 1832, and reached Montreal about six days after. It spread southward with great rapidity, and broke out in New York June 24th. The number of persons that died of it in the city of New York, from June 24th to August 15th, was 2,565. From the latter date, it subsided rapidly; but as it subsided in the northern cities, it increased in the southern, and did not cease its ravages in New Orleans before November.

HUGH.—We do not believe in pardons as a common thing. If the law is wrong, change it. If a man has been unjustly condemned, reverse the judgment. Nearly all pardons do much harm and no good. Shakspeare says:

"Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe."

We go for moderate penalties, uniformly inflicted, and never remitted except after the discovery of new evidence proving the prisoner's innocence.

C. W. has a very pertinacious gentleman friend, who, notwithstanding all her discouragements of him, persists in trying to make avowals of affection. Very well, Miss C. W., *let* him make an avowal, and then give him a decided refusal. *He* does not hesitate to give you annoyance and pain, and why should you permit it, for the sake of not offending him? You are over-scrupulous, we think.

DEMPSEY.—We cannot say how business will be this fall, beyond the fact that it will be much better than it has been for the last six months. It would be rash for anyone to enter upon speculations, in an untried field, involving a large amount of money, and dependent for success upon a *general revival* of business.

STUDENT.—By diligent and persevering study, a person *can* learn to read Greek without a teacher, but the learner must have rare perseverance and intelligence to be able thus to instruct himself in the languages.

E. P. H.—The instances are very rare in which a *true* love is felt at the age of sixteen years. You will probably change your mind before you are twenty. Don't be in a hurry.

OCULUS.—The sight of a short-sighted person does not improve as he comes to manhood; we believe the contrary to be the case.

OLD HICKORY.—It is no doubt a fact that General Jackson always carried pistols with him on his travels through the State when he was Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. If he ever left his weapons at home, he doubtless did so from accident. But in those days every man carried weapons. There were Indians on every hand, and white desperadoes, more to be feared even than the Indians themselves. Defenceless travellers were often subjected to the most wanton outrages. During one season, a gang of teamsters who traversed the State, were in the habit of amusing themselves by making persons whom they met, dance in the road until they became exhausted. Meeting Old Hickory one afternoon, and not knowing him, they stopped him and ordered him to descend from his carriage and dance for their amusement. The old lion was as crafty as a fox, when strategy was essential to his success, and so, seeming to comply with their rude demand, he asked permission to get his pumps out of his valise, as he could not dance well without them. Permission being granted him, he went to his valise and got out his pistols, (which he always kept loaded,) cocked them, levelled them at the teamsters, and with flashing eyes and in a voice of thunder, ordered *them* to dance or he would blow them to a place which we will not mention, as the name of it is a highly sensational word. The luckless teamsters had no alternative, and so they began to dance; the old war-horse kept them up to the work without mercy, making them dance up, and down, and across, and around, until they actually fell to the earth, one after another, from sheer exhaustion. He then gave them a short but emphatic moral lecture, and getting into his carriage drove off, leaving the discomfited teamsters to reflect on the vicissitudes of life and regain their breath, at their leisure.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—This correspondent says, "I am a young married man, and have one of the best of wives, but she has one (*I think*) fault: she is jealous of every attention that I give to any lady, married or single. Not that she thinks I will do wrong, but she fears I will be led away by their smiles. Continued remonstrance has made me sensitive on the subject, and harsh words (the only ones we have) are caused by her referring to my 'kind attentions' to some Miss or Mrs., whilst I am only conscious of being polite. I am very lively in society; I may be also wrong; but I am innocent of any other intent whatever than to be polite and agreeable to all. I love my wife dearly, and if you can give me any advice to settle this trouble, you would make me very happy and grateful. I shall look anxiously for the next publication of your paper to see the answer." It is evident that there are but two courses for you to pursue; one is to continue your lively, agreeable, polite-to-all course, whereby your wife's jealousy will be increased, her remonstrances become more vehement and bitter, and your unhappiness made more poignant and continuous. The other course is for you to curb your peculiarly agreeable manner towards ladies, and care more for your wife's happiness than for the passing courtesies of society. Your wife is evidently selfish and jealous in regard to this matter, but as *she is your wife, and as you must be either happy or unhappy together*, and as your fate seems to be in your own keeping, it seems to us that you should make it a matter of *discretion* as well as of conjugal good faith and kindness of heart, and see to it that you do not barter away your life-long peace and happiness for the ephemeral and conventional pleasantnesses which you mention.

L. P. G.—This correspondent informs us that he "is the victim of a base conspiracy! I have been inveigled," he says, "into a marriage with a woman old enough to be my mother—a widow with six children—under the pretense that she was possessed of great wealth, one-half of which she was to settle on me, as soon as we were married. It turns out, however, that she has no property at all; and it seems that she married me under the belief that *I was a very rich man*—some mischievous acquaintances of mine having made her suppose that to be the case. Now that we are both undeceived, we of course have no very amiable feelings towards each other. For my part, I think that a woman who will marry a man merely because she believes him to be rich, is unworthy of any consideration. *I* certainly cannot respect such a woman. Now, what I want to know is this: could I not get a divorce from my wife on the ground that *deception* was practiced upon me, in the marriage? Please tell me what your opinion is, and what you think of the whole case." You cannot get a divorce, on the ground you mention. You would be laughed out of court, should you have your case brought to trial. You do not seem to be at all aware of the fact that you acted as selfishly as you allege that your wife did. You plainly acknowledge that you married her for her fortune; and if it is so bad for a woman to marry for money, what shall we say of a man who does the same thing? The best thing that you can do is to stop grumbling and go to work and earn the fortune which you didn't get with your aged and matronly wife.

HOUSEKEEPER.—You are not the only person that has been "taken in" by employing as sempstresses, or otherwise, "women of reduced fortunes." If you have anything to give any such person, and meet with truly deserving cases, you would do better to render your assistance directly, by gift, instead of indirectly, by way of employment, unless you take into consideration the fact, and consider it as an element of the bargain, that they will not work as conscientiously as persons whose business it is and has been to earn their living by the labor of their hands. If you can understand this fact beforehand, and be content to have it so, then it will do to employ the class of persons to whom you refer; but, as a general thing, it is a poor policy, for all concerned, to mix up charity and business. A person of great judgment and tact *can* so adjust such matters as to make them work beneficially and harmoniously; and of course it is always worth while to do a beneficent thing if it be possible to do it. The great trouble with some people is, however, that while they wish to have it *appear* that they are doing a beneficent thing, they are in reality trying to "do" the object of it—a course of procedure which is exceedingly apt to lead to dissatisfaction on all sides.

YALE.—Bancroft's History of the United States is the fullest and most exhaustive of any that has been published; but you would do well to read every history of our country that you can find, also all American biography that you can get access to. There is no work in English that gives a minute account of the war between Castile and Portugal in the latter part of the 14th century, but the story—"VASCO PERES"—which we commence in this number of the LEDGER, will give you just the information you seek, and besides, you will find it to be one of the most intensely interesting and spirit-stirring romances that you ever read.

SUBALTERN.—When Napoleon invaded Russia, he took with him four hundred thousand infantry, sixty thousand cavalry, and twelve hundred guns; which was one gun to three hundred and eighty-three men. But, generally, Napoleon had one piece of ordnance to five hundred men.

TILLA E.—If a gentleman comes to your house of an evening to call, and a terrific storm comes up, it would of course be improper for *you*, a young lady, to ask him to stay over night; but some other member of the family might do so, at your suggestion, if it were impracticable for him to leave.

TWO PILOTS.—The steamer President sailed from New York March 11th, 1841. She probably foundered in a storm that swept the Atlantic three days after she sailed. The opinion prevails that she left port top-heavy, there being a great quantity of coal on deck, and that this caused her to capsize.

CORA.—You tell us a story of slight at the hands of your lover. As his conduct was entirely unprovoked by you, we advise you to make no overtures till he has made an apology. A man who is too unmagnanimous to do this is a man who would always fail you in your hour of need.

THEODORE.—It would be an extreme case that would at all justfy you in chastising the son of your neighbor. In order to get at it, perhaps you had better imagine what circumstances you would consider *sufficient to justify your neighbor in chastising your son.* It is a poor rule, you know, that won't work both ways.

UNCLE.—There is no harm in allowing boys to "play at soldiers." On the contrary, they may derive much advantage from that amusement, if properly directed. Whatever contributes to develop the manly tone of boys, is advantageous, to say nothing of improved physical health and increased robustness.

LOU.—Is it proper for a young lady to bow to a gentleman to whom she was never introduced, but whom she has known by sight for some years? No—certainly not. What can you know of a man "by sight?" The greatest rascals often "sight" very well.

J. M.—You say that a year ago you became acquainted with a very fascinating young man, whom you have since heard was dissipated. What shall you do? Behave as circumspectly toward him, until you prove it to be *untrue*, as you would if it were true.

JOSEPHINE.—We do not believe in "unlucky Fridays." You would do well to sit down and calculate all the *lucky* things that have happened on that day, as the best way to get such superstitious kinks out of your head.

BALTIMOREAN.—Your city was omitted by means of a typographical mistake from the list to which you refer.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*